

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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No. 367.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1826.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Journal of a Voyage up the Mediterranean; principally among the Islands of the Archipelago, and in Asia Minor: including many interesting particulars relative to the Greek Revolution, especially a Journey through Maina to the Camp of Ibrahim Pacha. together with Observations on the Antiquities, Opinions, and Usages of Greece, as they now Exist. To which is added, an Essay on the Fanariotes, translated from the French of MARK PHILIP ZALLONY, a Greek. By the REV. CHARLES SWAN, late of Catharine Hall, Cambridge; Chaplain to H. M. S. Cambrian, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 783. London, 1826. Rivingtons.

EVERY person who has been in the least attentive to the struggle between the Greeks and the Turks, in a war which is to decide, if 'Greece shall be living Greece no more,' or shall be restored to a rank in the scale of nations worthy of her former renown—we say every person at all attentive to this contest, must have frequently seen his Majesty's ship Cambrian mentioned as having sailed from port to port and island to island, in the Archipelago, rendering every assistance to the Greeks, consistent with our declared neutrality. Capt. Hamilton, who commands that vessel, has distinguished himself by his zeal and humanity, and we are persuaded that nothing would give him greater satisfaction than to see Greece emancipated.

Mr. Swan, the author of the volumes before us, is the chaplain to the Cambrian, and, consequently, had the best means of observation during a cruise, peculiarly erratic and interesting; the respect that the British flag invariably commands, ensures confidence, and the sources of information which the commander, or his chaplain, possessed, were ample, and of unquestionable authority. He did not, however, trust to memory, or make a few brief notes as a text, from which to form a book, but he kept a regular journal of events and proceedings, assigning to each day the events that occurred, or the information that was obtained. A journal of this sort, kept during a voyage of such a nature, by a gentleman of the author's talents, could not fail of being valuable at any time, but it is more especially so now, when the crisis of Greece is approaching, and we await, with a feverish anxiety, the arrival of every foreign mail, to know how her destinies may be fixed.

Mr. Swan is already known to the public by his translation of the *Gesta Romanorum*, to which he prefixed a very well written essay, and, although his present work is of a very different character, yet it will, we are

sure, enhance his literary reputation. Most of the works hitherto published on Greece, if we except Hughes's excellent Travels, have dwelt too much on political speculation. The work before us is a journal of facts, related with characteristic brevity, but all possessing considerable interest, and forming altogether two very delightful volumes.

Mr. Swan does not, like some voyagers or travellers, begin with reflections on quitting England, or fatigue his readers with a lachrymose account of taking leave of his friends, but comes to the point at once, and we find him losing sight of England, and nearing the coast of Portugal in the very first pages of his work. The Cambrian sailed in October, 1824, on the 12th of which month his journal is commenced, and it is continued to the end of the year 1825. The Cambrian put into Cadiz, and our author gives us a lively description of that city and its inhabitants, as will be seen by a short extract. He visited the convent of the Augustines, where, he says,—

'A multitude of weeping Magdalenes, bedizened in the finest apparel, meet the eye at every turn; and their sorrow-touched aspects, besmeared with a sufficiency of oil, give them a most sudatory character; and this, I apprehend, is intended; the agony of their souls is presumed to facilitate a copious sweat, and to typify the exudation of mortal sin! It is remarkable, that while they enjoin the votaries of religion in this world, to discard the vanities of dress, they heap together upon these exemplars of sanctity, these waxen personifications of good manners, all the gewgaws that female fancy could devise, or the female heart covet. Surely the prayer that is offered up at shrines so decorated, must needs participate in this their most palpable characteristic; and instead of suggesting to the mind devout sentiments, are more calculated to call up from the innermost recesses of the heart the dormant feelings of worldly vanity. The headgear of Jezebel will fix the attention under these circumstances sooner than the Song of Deborah.

"Religion, erst so venerable,
What art thou now, but made a fable?
A holy mask on Folly's brow;
Where under lies Dissimulation,
Lined with all abomination,—
Sacred Religion! where art thou?"

'At a café where the waiters spoke but little French, I had some difficulty in making myself understood; after many trials, one of them brought pen and ink, and with much deliberation and affected solemnity scrawled *Non intelligo tuam linguam*. Here was at least a guide for future communication; and though the latinity of this erudite "slave of the coffee

cup" was, as might have been expected, of the worst description, it was more intelligible than his French. I was curious to know where he had acquired his learning, and to what end he had dedicated any portion of time to that which he must have found a very useless attainment. With the precision of a parrot, however, his only answer was "*Ego sum scolasticus*" or "*Ego Josephus à Lestone*," &c. &c. Josephus seemed very proud of his knowledge, and not less of the opportunity (which I fancy occurred but seldom,) of displaying it. In proof thereof he honoured me with a very cordial shake of the hand at parting. I did not see him again, but in a subsequent part of the day, having occasion to pass the door of his café, I distinctly heard a sonorous "*Monsieur, monsieur!*" which it did not at that time altogether suit me to reply to.

'The rest of this day was consumed in strolling about the streets of Cadiz. The loftiness of the houses, not less than their regularity, has a pleasing appearance. The windows are generally covered with an iron grating, in most cases painted green, which forms a good contrast to the whiteness of the walls. The extreme vicinity of the opposite side of the street makes these gratings necessary for the inhabitants; and if the female part of them is as much addicted to intrigue as report avers, it is well that even such precaution is adopted. There is most commonly a balcony to every window. The lower parts of these dwellings are used as warehouses, and sometimes as stables, to which you enter by an immense door, full of iron knobs. The richer sort have them of brass, which they keep in a high state of polish. On passing through this door, the visitor is brought into a small square area, which is the centre of the mansion, and being uncovered, serves to admit the air to every part of the building: around the square are the apartments of the family. In some instances the area contains a fountain, which, of course, contributes much to the coolness of the place. To the great door is attached a string, which is carried into the apartment above: when any one knocks, the door immediately opens, and you enter without observing by whom you are admitted, or to whom you are to address yourself. But a voice presently directs your ascent, and you then enter the room inhabited by the family without troubling its inmates to descend and receive your message.

'The women appear but little restricted in their actions; and the crowds that flock to the Alameyda, a fashionable promenade, which almost every town in Spain is provided with, gives occasion to a world of coquetry, and, as I fear, to all its concomitant evils.

The inhabitants begin to assemble about five o'clock, the females possessing themselves of stone seats arranged on each side of the Alameyda: here they sit for the inspection of those who please to honour them with their notice. I have seen servant-girls in England drawn up in ranks to be hired, and I have observed cattle penned up in Smithfield for sale; the obliging reader may adopt whichever similitude he considers good—he will not err greatly in either.

While the Cambrian remained off Cadiz, Mr. Swan visited Xeres, where sherry wine, the sack of Shakspeare, is made, to the extent of thirty thousand butts annually. From Cadiz, Capt. Hamilton proceeded to Malta, and thence to Naples. While in the harbour, the crew was entertained by a couple of musicians, who rowed their boat to the ship, and of whom we have the following amusing account:—

‘They made a singular appearance: one of them was arrayed in a jelly-bag sort of cap, terminating in a tassel. His long coarse hair curled upon his shoulders, and gave a ludicrous but characteristic air to his lank countenance; a sheep-skin coat, with the wool outward, a pair of dark cloth galligaskins ‘all rags and tatters,’ with worsted hosen wrinkling into as many lines as a ‘new Map o’ the Indies,’ completed his costume. He played the bagpipes, the bag of which was composed of the undressed skin of a goat or kid in its original shape and length, of which one leg was employed to conduct the wind from the mouth into the lower regions. The pipes of this instrument were like the ‘masts of some high admiral,’ and truly he supplied them with many a hurricane. His comrade wore a conical-shaped hat, a Mount Vesuvius, and blew lustily ‘an eaten reed.’ The remainder of his dress resembled that of his companion, save that his nether garment was of a cerulean plush, a venerable piece of antiquity, probably from Herculaneum or Pompeii—about this, however, I was never satisfied. They obtained a few small pieces of money and retired, doubtless well pleased with the power of their music.’

At Naples, Mr Swan went to the Villa Reale, the Hyde Park of that city—with this remarkable difference, that any person who can hire a vehicle of any description, is admitted. Of the various groupes there assembled our author says:—

‘They seem so happy and yet so squalid and miserable, with so much of civilization, and yet with so little idea of it, or care for it. In one place you observe a dozen persons, male and female, crowded into a narrow carriage, the women without bonnets, and their black hair (surmounted commonly by a silver comb,) straggling about the eyes and ears. In the latter stick immense rings, often broader than a crown-piece, and I should think as heavy. The bright and dark eyes of these damsels impart a singular expression to their dingy features, and give an odd, and rather disagreeable, effect to the contour of the face. Very generally a child wrapped up like a mummy is conveyed upon the bosom. A ragged and dirty fellow, in a sugar loaf hat, jumps up behind, overlooking fellows within

equally ragged and dirty:—thus they set forth. In another place are two or three priests ‘in cloth of brown that erst was black,’ holding the reins of a calesse, while on a step in the rear stands the driver, (and proprietor perhaps,) with a whip, which he applies as necessity dictates to the steed in front, flourishing it magnificently over the heads of the clerical party within. Then again there is a kind of vehicle which is made to contain but one, gilded and carved, with a pole standing at the stern, by which the flagellator of the steed maintains his not very enviable situation. And then—but hold, ‘I’ll see no more:’ dinner calls, and a ‘civet de sanglier’ already smokes upon the board.’

Mr. Swan visited Pompeii, of which he gives a brief description:—

‘It does not appear generally known, or, at least, it has not been generally noticed, that the honour of discovering these singular ruins, is due to the proprietor of a vineyard which then stood on the spot. He was about to plant an additional number of vines on an unoccupied division of his farm, and the first blow of the mattock, while it repelled and impeded his efforts, stimulated curiosity, and at length gave birth to a town! This happened a little more than sixty years ago.

‘It is to be lamented, that the traveller now has not the advantage which was at first open to him. The paintings, the household utensils, the skeletons of those who were consumed in the bursting out of the mountain are all removed. We see, indeed the places they occupied; the impression of certain drinking-cups, the ruts of carriage-wheels, and the marks of a cord upon the margin of a well, nay, the very scrawls which the soldiers of a Roman legion made to amuse themselves during the hours of their watch; but that which would have given life to the inanimate and deathly stillness of the place,—which would have aided the excursions of imagination, and embodied the winged conceptions that dart through the obscurity of past time, and fix themselves in all the vivid colourings of truth—these are wanting. They have been removed to the museum at Naples; and though nothing assuredly can deprive them of the charms with which such high antiquity has encrusted them, it is easy to understand the loss occurring to the imagination, as well as pleasure to the heart.’

‘In Pompeii were found, says the Abbe Romanelli, “bracelets of gold, ear-rings, necklaces, chains of gold, rings set with precious stones, gold and silver bodkins, gallions of real gold, tooth and ear-picks, scissors, needles, ivory spindles, and all manner of trinkets; nay, those very same things that mended the defects of nature—false teeth, wigs, false eye-brows, odoriferous waters, ointments, perfumes and rouge, which they called *purpurissum*, in small chrysal phials.”

‘But of all, curious as they are, that most deserving attention, in my mind, is the amphitheatre of Pompeii. It is in admirable repair, and capable of containing upwards of thirty thousand spectators. It has a won-

derfully imposing appearance, and cannot fail most sensibly to affect the mind. Mr. Hamilton, our ambassador at Naples, informed me, that he has frequently seen tears gush from the eyes of those who have regarded this magnificent spectacle of desolation for the first time—and I am not surprised at it. This immense structure was once peopled with eager and ardent life; on this very arena the dying gladiator “breathed his sullen soul away;” and here the Retiarii foiled or succumbed before the arts of their desperate antagonists. Barbarous as these sports were, they were identified with the national character; and standing on the loftiest point of the amphitheatre, who can look down without emotion upon the spot where such savage contests for life and death were carried on—where the blood of the captive was inhumanly poured forth to satiety upon the thirsty sand: and where pleasure lighted even the female eye, (strange power of custom!) as the victor received the plaudits of the assembled multitude? And who can gaze upon the vacant and broken seats before him, nor turn to the appalling shout, which, in the moment of victory, thirty thousand voices raised to heaven! voices which were soon to sink down into the tremulous whisper of despair, and which long ago have ceased their murmur! What a contrast does the picture present—the sinewy arm then waved in acclamation is now an impalpable powder, or, at most, a carious bone! The haughty brow is humbled, and the stately form then enfolded in the toga, hath neither existence nor a name!’

As, however, every thing relating to Greece and the Greeks is of great interest at the present time, our remaining extracts, in our present notice, shall be confined to these subjects. Among the adventurers that the present contest has led to Greece is an Irishman, of the name of Trelawny, whom we have heard spoken of in very favourable terms by those who knew him in England, but who has been less fortunate in obtaining a character in the land of Homer. Mr. Trelawny married the sister of Odysseus, a Greek chief, who, like many of his countrymen, had been in and out of favour as parties predominated. Of this chief and Mr. Trelawny, Mr. Swan gives some curious anecdotes, which we shall quote. The first is not very creditable to any of the parties:—

‘Trelawny has just related an anecdote of his late friend and brother, Odysseus; an anecdote which, while it justifies his attachment, is a striking evidence of the sort of delicacy and good feeling which influence the heart and character of the English [Irish] adventurer!!! Odysseus was desirous of intriguing with a certain woman, and in endeavouring to accomplish his object, met with some obstruction from a person who had an affection for her. He was remarkably handsome; Trelawny says he never beheld a finer looking man. This poor wretch, by some mischance, afterwards fell into the hands of Odysseus. He flew upon him, seized him by the throat, and bound him to a tree: he unsheathed his ataghan, and in a few moments literally hacked him to pieces! Such a

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relation, proceeding from the mouth of one so lately connected with him by the closest ties that can bind humanity, needs not any further comment: it speaks with a louder voice than the strongest reprobation could express. A story equally barbarous is told by the same person of Gaura; but it is of too gross a description to be related here.

Odysseus was seized and imprisoned in the Acropolis, at Athens: he still, however, was in some degree feared, and a rope was hung outside the wall of his prison, which he thought was placed with a view to aid his escape; he ventured to use it, fell, and was killed. Gaura, a rival chief, is accused of having planned the deceit, and cut the rope, or caused it to be cut. The following is the government account of the death of Ulysses, or Odysseus:—

“Temporal Government of Greece.

“To his Excellency the Minister of the Interior, Eparch (or President,) of Athens.

“As in duty bound, I relate, that on the morning of this day, about half past nine, I was invited by the noble vice-president, Mr. J. Mamouris, to the Acropolis, where I saw the body of Ulysses Andretzos, broken on the right thigh, and on the right side of the head, lying below the tower [ἑστῆς] of the Acropolis, distant from the base four or five paces, bound by a pretty long cord round the waist, and another coiled up and tied also to the waist.

“From the fortification of the tower hung a rope sundered at about one-third of its height from the summit to the base. The height of the tower is about eighteen perches, and the rope was broken at the length of six perches eighteen feet.

“I inquired of the vice-president; and he answered, that about the fifth hour of the night, a sentinel, who was not far from the tower, informed him, that he heard a crash near its base, and a groan. The gentleman ran immediately to the place, and discovered the body lying in the manner abovementioned, as it was also at the moment when I went; it had been left designedly untouched. I inquired of the soldiers of his guard, and they told me that one of them slept behind the gates, and the other in the same part with the dead man; and that they did not know when he arose and fastened himself to the rope, in order to escape. I asked them if they knew any thing about the rope; and they answered me with an oath, ‘no.’

“From the broken limbs, then, as was said above,—from the position of the body, (for it was supported by the elbow of the left arm, or by the whole of the left arm, and by the head,) and from the rope hanging from the fortification of the tower, and broken in consequence of its age, it appears evident, that he fastened himself to it for the purpose of escape. The rope breaking at about a third of the length, he fell, and was crushed, as appears from the second rope which he had to descend from the wall of the Acropolis.

“At the base of the tower opposite to which the said body lay, there is a high and very irregular rock. Upon this he fell, against the right side; with that great impe-

tuosity which is agreeable to the law of bodies falling to the earth. So that the limbs before mentioned were broken, and he was driven back by this law, and shaken the said distance from that irregular projection united to the side of the tower.

“A physician of the city, Mr. Vitalis, was called in, in order to observe whether the fractures of the body were from the fall; and he gave his testimony in writing, which I enclose to his excellency the minister.

“It is granted by the permission of the eparch to bury him with sacred rites: for ‘the dead is justified from offences,’ according to the divine apostle, and he was buried by five priests to-day, about the third hour of the day. I remain, with the profoundest respect, in the absence of the eparch, the chief secretary of Athens,

“DEMETRIUS VIAS.

“The 5th of June, 1825, in Athens.”

Under date of the 19th of September, we find the following anecdotes of Trelawny, which certainly do him no credit:—

“The Zebra conveyed Mr. and Madame Trelawny to Cephalonia, previous to her arrival at Kitries. A few authentic anecdotes shall finish what I have to say concerning them; and I shall be very happy if I have no cause to speak of them again.

“Mrs. Trelawny tells marvellous stories. One day, when she had mentioned an incredible circumstance, and doubt being expressed as to its veracity, she said, ‘it was no wonder; her family were noted for lying. Her father and mother and grandfather were prodigious liars!’

“After Lord John Churchill’s imprudent conduct at Athens, Odysseus became irritated at Trelawny, and determined to break off the connection they were on the point of completing. Upon which he entered the apartment of Mrs. Trelawny, with a little dog in his hand, and told her, that she might, if she would, make a husband out of that, for that she should never marry Trelawny. ‘I burst into tears,’ said the lady, ‘and cried as much as that thing full,’—pointing to a large goblet on the table. How much this is like a child weeping for the loss of a new toy!

“He said once, quite seriously, that he had married her for convenience; and when he was a-weary, he should leave her. At another time, she protested, that if he ever assumed a European dress, she would not stay with him. But she certainly appears much attached, though, I believe, fears him.

“On the death of Lord Byron, Trelawny searched his papers. Some of Lady Byron’s letters he brought away, and read them the other day publicly in Capt. Hamilton’s cabin, at the same time stating, with the utmost effrontery, how he had obtained them!

“Nothing is more curious than an assertion made by Trelawny, relative to the pirates with whom the boats of the Cambrian had so bloody a contest. They were in the pay of Odysseus and himself, and were sent out by them to cruise, with instructions not to be particular with regard to any flag but the English!!

(To be continued.)

Vivian Grey. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1826. Colburn.

If not a first-rate production—which we certainly do not think it—this is undeniably a very clever work—amusing and interesting, written in a dashing, off-hand style, and imbued with not a little of literary dandyism. Of story or plot there is very little;—but we are not those old-fashioned critics who insist very rigorously upon this point, or who would find fault with a production of this kind, because it is not constructed according to the ordinary rules by which every-day novels are planned; or rather we have a predilection for those *capriccios* that are reducible to no precise classification—duly providing that the said nondescripts be agreeable and entertaining. That the present work has a very fair right to these two epithets, few, we apprehend, will dispute; for it contains many lively and piquant sketches, anecdotes, and conversations, and presents a striking picture of the privileged portion of society it professes to describe. How far the picture is correct as to all the details of the likeness we pretend not to judge, yet must say, that if accurate, it is not exceedingly flattering. High life doubtless exempts from many of the decorums which those immediately beneath it cannot violate with impunity; still we should hope that there are but few originals exactly answering to the portraits here displayed, and should rather hope that the author has indulged in a little license with a view to his readers’ amusement, than that the Corinthian portion of society consist of such contemptible, frivolous, weak-headed and wrong-hearted creatures, as we here find represented: else we should agree with the man in the play, who says, ‘Your fashionable people are exceedingly vulgar.’ Even the hero himself, although the author’s ‘pet,’ and evidently intended by him as a very superior character, and as one that ought to command our admiration, is not the most amiable of mortals, nor one whose notions of moral rectitude are very precise, or whose principles are very inflexible. Your ordinary novel-hero—the ‘*pious Eneas*’ of the tale, is generally such a compound of all human excellence, that we frailer mortals can sympathise but little with such a mass of perfection, and he is accordingly voted dull. Mr. Vivian Grey, however, so far from being one of the super-refined abstractions of humanity, has a tolerable share of dross in his composition, and so much of time-serving sycophancy in his character, that had he either been a grade lower in society, or had his prospects been a tint less bright, he would doubtless have made a tolerably patient ‘toadey’—a race of animals upon whom the author is not a little pleasant. The heroine—for so we must call her, although her claims to the title be not exactly valid, according to the law of romance-writing—is one of the most inexplicable enigmatical characters we ever encountered; and unfortunately the author does not condescend to give us the least clue as to this mysterious personage, or to clear up the ‘palpable obscure’ in which she is involved;—‘she dies, and makes no sign.’ This Mrs. Felix Lorraine, sister-in-law of the Marquis of Corabas

—a German, be it observed, by birth, although she speaks wonderfully fluent English—is very fond of sauntering with gentlemen by moonlight, and sometimes makes love to them very much in the style of a woman of the town—at least so it appears to our vulgar apprehension. Some very singular scenes occur between this extraordinary lady and the hero, in one of which she mixes some poison in a glass of heck and seltzer; but thanks to a mirror over the chimney-piece, he observes her murderous purpose, and refuses to drink. Such a narrow escape as this would, we should imagine, break off at once all intercourse between him and such a woman; but no,—immediately afterwards a very mysterious, or rather, we should say, a most incomprehensible interview takes place between them, which we shall here give:—

“It was past midnight, and Vivian was at a considerable distance from the Château. He proposed entering by a side-door, which led into the billiard-room, and from thence crossing the Long Gallery, he could easily reach his apartment, without disturbing any of the household. His way led through the little gate, at which he had parted with Mrs. Felix Lorraine on the first day of their meeting.

“As he softly opened the door which led into the Long Gallery, he found he was not alone: leaning against one of the casements was a female. Her profile was to Vivian as he entered, and the moon, which shone bright through the window, lit up a countenance which he might be excused for not immediately recognising as that of Mrs. Felix Lorraine. She was gazing stedfastly, but her eye did not seem fixed upon any particular object. Her features appeared convulsed, but their contortions were not momentary, and pale as death, a hideous grin seemed chiselled on her idiot countenance.

“Vivian scarcely knew whether to stay or to retire. Desirous not to disturb her, he determined not even to breathe; and, as is generally the case, his very exertions to be silent made him nervous; and to save himself from being stifled, he coughed.

“Mrs. Lorraine immediately started, and stared wildly around her; and when her eye caught Vivian’s, there was a sound in her throat something like the death rattle.

““Who are you?” she eagerly asked.

““A friend, and Vivian Grey.”

““Grey! ho—came you here?” and she rushed forward and wildly seized his hand—and then she muttered to herself, “’tis flesh—’tis flesh.”

““I have been playing, I fear, the moon-calf to-night; and find, that though I am a late watcher, I am not a solitary one.”

“Mrs. Lorraine stared earnestly at him, and then she endeavoured to assume her usual expression of countenance; but the effort was too much for her. She dropped Vivian’s arm, and buried her face in her own hands. Vivian was retiring, when she again looked up. “Where are you going?” she asked, with a quick voice.

““To sleep—as I would advise all; ’tis much past midnight.”

““Thou sayest not the truth. The brightness of your eye belies the sentence of your tongue. You are *not* for sleep.”

““Pardon me, my dear Mrs. Lorraine, I really have been gaping for the last hour,” said Vivian, and he moved on.

““Mr. Grey! you are speaking to one who takes her answer from the eye, which does not deceive, and from the speaking lineaments of the face, which are Truth’s witnesses. Keep your voice for those who can credit man’s words. You will go, then. What! are you afraid of a woman, because ‘tis past midnight,’ and you’re in an old gallery?”

““Fear, Mrs. Lorraine, is not a word in my vocabulary.”

““The words in thy vocabulary are few, boy! as are the years of thine age. He who sent you here this night, sent you here not to slumber. Come hither!” and she led Vivian to the window: “what see you?”

““I see Nature at rest, Mrs. Lorraine; and I would fain follow the example of beasts, birds, and fishes.”

““Yet gaze upon this scene one second. See the distant hills, how beautifully their rich covering is tinted with the moonbeam! These nearer fir-trees—how radiantly their black skeleton forms are tipped with silver! and the old and thickly-foliaged oaks bathed in light! and the purple lake reflecting in its lustrous bosom another heaven! Is it not a fair scene?”

““Beautiful! Oh, most beautiful!”

““Yet, Vivian, where is the being for whom all this beauty existeth? Where is your mighty creature man? The peasant on his rough couch enjoys, perchance, slavery’s only service money—sweet sleep; or, waking in the night, curses at the same time his lot and his lord. And that lord is restless on some downy couch; his night thoughts, not of his sheeny lake and this bright moon, but of some miserable creation of man’s artifice, some mighty nothing, which nature knows not of, some offspring of her bastard child—society. Why then is nature loveliest when man looks not on her? For whom, then, Vivian Grey, is this scene so fair?”

““For poets, lady; for philosophers; for all those superior spirits who require some relaxation from the world’s toils; spirits who only commingle with humanity, on the condition that they may sometimes commune with nature.”

““Superior spirits! say you?” and here they paced the gallery. “When Valerian, first Lord Carabas, raised this fair castle—when, profuse for his posterity, all the genius of Italian art and Italian artists was lavished on this English palace; when the stuffs, and statues, the marbles, and the mirrors, the tapestry, and the carvings, and the paintings of Genoa, and Florence, and Venice, and Padua, and Vicenza, were obtained by him at miraculous cost, and with still more miraculous toil; what think you would have been his sensations, if, while his soul was revelling in the futurity of his descendants keeping their state in this splendid pile, some wizard had foretold to him, that ere three centuries could elapse, the fortunes of

his mighty family would be the sport of two individuals; one of them, a foreigner unconnected in blood, or connected only in hatred; and the other, a young adventurer alike unconnected with his race, in blood, or in love; a being, ruling all things by the power of his own genius, and reckless of all consequences, save his own prosperity. If the future had been revealed to my great ancestor, the Lord Valerian, think you, Vivian Grey, that we should have been walking in this long gallery?”

““Really, Mrs. Lorraine, I have been so interested in discovering what people think in the nineteenth century, that I have had but little time to speculate on the possible opinions of an old gentleman who flourished in the sixteenth.”

““You may sneer, sir; but I ask you, if there are spirits so superior to that of the slumbering lord of this castle, as those of Vivian Grey and Amalia Lorraine; why may there not be spirits proportionately superior to our own?”

““If you are keeping me from my bed, Mrs. Lorraine, merely to lecture my conceit by proving that there are in this world wiser heads than that of Vivian Grey, on my honour, madam, you are giving yourself a great deal of unnecessary trouble.”

““You will misunderstand me, then, thou wilful boy!”

““Nay, lady, I will not affect to misunderstand your meaning; but I recognise, you know full well, no intermediate essence between my own good soul, and that ineffable and omnipotent spirit, in whose existence philosophers and priests alike agree.”

““Omnipotent and ineffable essence! Oh! leave such words to scholars, and to school-boys! And think you, that such indefinite nothings, such unmeaning abstractions, can influence beings whose veins are full of blood, bubbling like this?” And here she grasped Vivian with a feverish hand—“Omnipotent and ineffable essence! Oh! I have lived in a land where every mountain, and every stream, and every wood, and every ruin, has its legend, and its peculiar spirit; a land, in whose dark forests, the midnight hunter, with his spirit-shout, scares the slumbers of the trembling serf; a land, from whose winding rivers, the fair-haired Undine welcomes the belated traveller to her fond and fatal embrace; and you talk to me of omnipotent and ineffable essences! Oh! miserable mocker!—It is not true, Vivian Grey; you are but echoing the world’s deceit, and even at this hour of the night, thou dar’st not speak as thou dost think. Thou worshippingst no omnipotent and ineffable essence—thou believest in no omnipotent and ineffable essence; shrined in the secret chamber of your soul, there is an image, before which you bow down in adoration, and that image is—yourself. And truly when I do gaze upon thy radiant eyes,” and here the lady’s tone became more terrestrial,—“and truly when I do look upon thy luxuriant curls,” and here the lady’s small white hand played like lightning through Vivian’s dark hair,—“and truly when I do remember the beauty of thy all-perfect form, I cannot deem

thy self-worship—a false idolatry ;” and here the lady’s arms were locked round Vivian’s neck, and her head rested on his bosom.

“ Oh ! Amalia ! it would be far better for you to rest here, than to think of that, of which the knowledge is vanity.”

“ Vanity !” shrieked Mrs. Lorraine, and she violently loosed her embrace, and extricated herself from the arm, which, rather in courtesy than in kindness, had been wound round her delicate waist—“ Vanity ! Oh ! if you knew but what I know—Oh ! if you had but seen what I have seen”—and here her voice failed her, and she stood motionless in the moonshine, with averted head and outstretched arms.

“ Amalia ! this is very madness ; for Heaven’s sake calm yourself !”

“ Calm myself ! Oh ! it is madness ; very, very madness ! ’tis the madness of the fascinated bird ! ’tis the madness of the murderer who is voluntarily broken on the wheel ; ’tis the madness of the fawn, that gazes with adoration on the lurid glare of the anaconda’s eye ; ’tis the madness of woman who flies to the arms of her—fate ;” and here she sprang like a tigress round Vivian’s neck, her long light hair bursting from its bands, and clustering down her shoulders.

We honestly confess, that we wish the author had thrown a little more light upon this truly Mad-Bess personage ; for we do not know whether she is really insane, or acting a part ;—and if so, for what purpose we cannot account. We think, too, that this highly-exaggerated adventure is quite out of keeping with the general tone and incidents of the work, which are any thing but sentimental or romantic. We have perhaps dwelt too long upon the character of Mrs. Felix Lorraine, although, as we have already said, she is the most prominent female personage in the piece. Unlike other heroines, however, she is not allied by any sympathy to the hero, their relationship being that of opposition, not of co-operation. She thwarts Vivian’s political schemes and arrangements with her brother-in-law the Marquis, who is anxious to re-obtain his former political power through Grey’s assistance and talents. A scene of violent recrimination ensues between the lady and Vivian, and in her passion, the former bursts a blood-vessel and expires. This is tragic enough—perhaps more so than is altogether compatible with good taste. After this event a duel ensues between Vivian and his friend Cleveland, who had been induced by him to return to political life, being promised a leading and influential situation in the party of the Marquis of Carabas, but who now considers himself betrayed and duped. Cleveland falls, and Vivian quits England for Germany, where he fixes upon Heidelberg as the place of his abode :—and here the author abruptly leaves him, and terminates the narrative, *sans ceremonie*. This part of the story is exceedingly rapid, and not a little obscure—a fault that detracts considerably from the amusement it otherwise affords. We suspect that the author found himself in some embarrassment towards the conclusion, and has therefore hurried it over as well as he could.

There is little of incident or main story in the tale, and the best and most piquant parts are the lighter dialogues and conversations. Several living characters of the day are introduced, but they pass by us merely incidentally, as those at a masquerade, or to use a technical stage phrase, are only ‘ walking gentlemen and ladies.’ Among those, Mrs. Million,* who arrives at Château Desir, with three carriages and four, will be recognised at once by every reader. The author of Parthenopex de Blois is introduced, under the title of Mr. Parthenopex Puff—‘ a small *litterateur*, and a smaller wit.’ Then there is a Mr. Stapylton Toad—by the by, this way of designating characters is in very bad taste, akin to that of a label from the mouth of a figure in a picture,—who is rather a sample of an entire class, than an individual, an upstart *parvenu* attorney, enriched by capital good luck, but nobody knows how. The Honourable Miss Cynthia Courtown, a mad-cap hoyden, on the strength of her belonging to a certain set, does things which would hardly be decorous in any but high-bred young ladies. The following sample of her epistolary style will, we think, convince our readers, that she is at least not amenable to the charge of that stiff reserve so frequently imputed to Englishwomen—especially considering that she is addressing a male acquaintance :—

‘ Alburies, Oct. 18—

‘ DEAR GREY,—We have now been at Alburies for a fortnight. Nothing can be more delightful. Here is every body in the world that I wish to see, except yourself. The Knightons, with as many outriders as usual :—Lady Julia and myself are great allies ; I like her amazingly. The Marquis of Grandgout arrived here last week, with a most delicious party ; all the men who write John Bull. I was rather disappointed at the first sight of Stanislaus Hoax. I had expected, I don’t know why, something juvenile, and squibbish—when lo ! I was introduced to a corpulent individual, with his coat buttoned up to his chin, looking dull, gentlemanly, and apoplectic. However, on acquaintance, he came out quite rich—sings delightfully, and improvises like a prophet—ten thousand times more entertaining than Pistrucci. We are sworn friends ; and I know all the secret history of John Bull. There is not much, to be sure, that you didn’t tell me yourself ; but still there are some things. I must not trust them, however, to paper, and therefore pray dash down to Alburies immediately ; I shall be most happy to introduce you to Lord Devildrain. There was an interview. What think you of that ? Stanislaus told me all, circumstantially, and after dinner—I don’t doubt that it’s quite true. What would you give for the secret history of the “ rather yellow, rather yellow,” *chanson*. I dare not tell it you. It came from a quarter that will quite astound you, and in a very elegant, small, female hand. You remember Lambton did stir very awkwardly in the Lisbon business. Stanislaus wrote all the songs that appeared in the first numbers, except that ; but he never wrote a

* Qu. Mellon?—Printer’s Devil.

single line of prose for the first three months : it all came from Vivida Vis.

‘ I like the Marquis of Grandgout so much ! I hope he’ll be elevated in the peerage :—he looks as if he wanted it so ! Poor dear man !

‘ Oh ! do you know I’ve discovered a *liaison* between Bull and Blackwood. I’m to be in the next Noctes ; I forget the words of the chorus exactly, but Courtown is to rhyme with port down, or something of that kind, and then they’re to dash their glasses over their heads, give three cheers, and adjourn to whiskey-toddy, and the Chaldee chamber. How delightful !

‘ The prima donnas are at Cheltenham, looking most respectable. Do you ever see The Age ? It is not proper for me to take it in. Pray send me down your numbers, and tell me all about it ; that’s a dear. Is it true that his lordship paragraphises a little ?

‘ I have not heard from Ernest Clay, which I think very odd. If you write to him, mention this, and tell him to send me word how Dormer Stanhope behaves at mess. I understand there has been a *mêlée*, not much—merely a *rouette* ; do get it all out of him.

‘ Colonel Delmington is at Cheltenham, with the most knowing beard you can possibly conceive ; Lady Julia rather patronizes him. Lady Doubtful has been turned out of the rooms ; fifty challenges in consequence, and one duel ; missed fire, of course.

‘ I have heard from Alhambra ; he has been wandering about in all directions. He has been to the Lakes, and is now at Edinburgh. He likes Southey. He gave the laureate a quantity of hints for his next volume of the Peninsular War, but does not speak very warmly of Wordsworth : gentlemanly man, but only reads his own poetry. I made him promise to go and see De Quincy ; and, like a good boy, he did ; but he says he’s a complete humbug. What can he mean ? He stayed some days at Sir Walter’s, and met Tom Moore. Singular, that our three great poets should be together this summer ! He speaks in raptures of the great baronet, and of the beauties of Abbotsford. He met Moore again in Edinburgh, and was present at the interview between him and Hogg. Lalla Rookh did not much like being called “ Tam Muir,” and rather kicked at the shepherd.

‘ Edinburgh is more delightful than you can possibly conceive. I certainly intend to go next summer. Alhambra is very intimate with John Wilson, who seems indeed a first rate fellow, full of fun and genius ; and quite as brilliant a hand at a comic song as at a tragic drama. Do you know it struck me the other day, that comic songs and tragedies are “ the lights and shadows” of literature. Pretty idea, is it not ?

‘ Here has been a cousin of yours about us ; a young barrister going the circuit ; by name Hargrave Grey. The name attracted my notice, and due inquiries having been made, and satisfactorily answered, I patronised the limb of law. Fortunate for him ! I got him to all the fancy balls and pic nics that were going on. He was in heaven for

a fortnight, and at length, having overstaid his time, he left us, also leaving his bag and only brief behind him. They say he's ruined for life. Write soon. Your's ever.

'CYNTHIA COURTOON.'

Indeed, we must say, that if the female characters be drawn from the life, we have every reason to congratulate our women *du bon ton*, on having thrown off that *mauvaise honte* which throws a shade over the fascinations of less privileged females. We will now give a specimen of one of the light gossiping conversations that are scattered through the work:—

'I say, Cleveland, here comes the greatest idiot in town—Craven Bucke. He came to me the other day complaining bitterly of the imperfections of Johnson's Dictionary. He had looked for Doncaster St. Leger in it, and couldn't find the word.'

'How d'ye do, Bucke? you're just the man I wanted to meet. Make a note of it while I remember. There is an edition of Johnson just published, in which you'll find every single word you want. Now put it down at once. It's published under the title of John Bee's Slang Lexicon. Good b'ye! How's your brother?'

'Pray, Cleveland, what do you think of Milman's "new dramatic poem," Anne Boleyn?'

'I think it's the dullest work on the Catholic question that has yet appeared.'

'Is it true that Lockhart is going to have the Quarterly?'

'It was told me as a positive fact to-day. I believe it.'

'Murray can't do better. It's absolutely necessary that he should do something. Lockhart is a man of prodigious talents. Do you know him?'

'Not in the least.—He certainly is a man of great powers, but I think rather too hot for the Quarterly.'

'Oh! no, no, no—a little of the Albatross Anti-attrition will soon cool the fiery wheels of his bounding chariot. Come! I see our horses.'

'Hyde Park is greatly changed since I was a dandy, Vivian. Pray, do the Misses Otranto still live in that house?'

'Yes—blooming as ever.'

'It's the fashion to abuse Horace Walpole, but I really think him one of the most delightful writers that ever existed. I wonder who is to be the Horace Walpole of the present century? some one, perhaps, we least suspect.'

'Vivida Vis, think you?'

'More than probable. I'll tell you who ought to be writing memoirs—Lord Dropmore.'

'Does my Lord Manfred keep his mansion there, next to the Misses Otranto?'

'I believe so, and lives there.'

'I knew him in Germany—a singular man, and not understood. Perhaps he does not understand himself.'

'I'll join you in an instant, Cleveland. I just want to speak one word to Master Osborne, who I see coming down here. Well, Osborne! I must come and knock you up one of these mornings. I've got a nice lit-

tle commission for you from Lady Julia Knighton, which you must pay particular attention to.'

'Well, Mr. Grey, how does Lady Julia like the bay mare?'

'Very much, indeed; but she wants to know what you've done about the chesnut?'

'Oh! put it off, sir, in the prettiest style, on young Mr. Feoffment, who has just married, and taken a house in Gower Street. He wanted a bit of blood—hopes he likes it?'

'Hopes he does, Jack. There's a particular favour which you can do me, Osborne, and which I'm sure you will. Ernest Clay—you know Ernest Clay—a most excellent fellow is Ernest Clay, you know, and a great friend of your's, Osborne;—I wish you'd just step down to Connaught Place, and look at those bays he bought of Harry Mounteney. He's in a little trouble, and we must do what we can for him—you know he's an excellent fellow, and a great friend of yours. Thank you, thank you—I knew you would. Good morning:—remember Lady Julia. So you really fitted young Feoffment with the chesnut. Well, that was admirable!—Good morning;—good morning.'

'I don't know whether you care for these things at all, Cleveland, but Premium, a famous Millionaire, has gone this morning, for I don't know how much! Half the new world will be ruined; and in this old one, a most excellent fellow, my friend Ernest Clay. He was engaged to Premium's daughter—his *dernière ressource*; and now, of course, it's all up with him.'

'I was at college with his brother, Augustus Clay. He's a nephew of Lord Mounteney's, is he not?'

'The very same. Poor fellow! I don't know what we must do for him. I think I shall advise him to change his name to Clayville; and if the world ask him the reason of the euphonious augmentation, why, he can swear that it was to distinguish himself from his brothers. Too many *roués* of the same name will never do. And now spurs to our steeds, for we are going at least three miles out of our way, and I must collect my senses, and arrange my curls before dinner; for I have to flirt with, at least, three fair ones.'

Immediately to this succeeds a specimen of genuine literary dandyism—of that half-sentimental, half-impertinently familiar tone with which an author speaks *in propria persona* to his readers, whatever rambling stuff comes uppermost, and of which the chief purport is to astonish, by his consequence and extraordinary condescension in submitting to so vulgar an occupation as writing! We give about half a chapter:—

'These conversations play the very deuce with one's story. I had intended to have commenced this book with something quite terrific—a murder or a marriage: and I find that all my great ideas have ended in a lounge. After all it is, perhaps, the most natural termination. In life surely, man is not always as monstrously busy, as he appears to be in novels and romances. We are not always in action—not always making speeches, or making money, or making war, or making love. Occasionally we talk,

—about the weather, generally—sometimes about ourselves—oftener about our friends—as often about our enemies—at least those who have any; which, in my opinion, is the vulgarest of all possessions;—I have no enemies. Am I not an amiable fellow? At this moment I am perfectly happy—am I not a lucky fellow?'

'And what is your situation, Mr. Felicity? you will ask. Have you just made a brilliant speech in the house? or have you negotiated a great loan for a little nation? or have you touched, for the first time, some fair one's cheek? In short, what splendid juggle have you been successful in? Have you deluded your own country, or another? Have you deceived another's heart—or, are you, yourself, a dupe? Not at all, my sweet questioner—I am strolling on a sunny lawn, and flanking butterflies with a tandem whip.'

'I have not felt so well for these six months. What would I have given to have had my blood dancing as it is now, while I was scribbling the first volume and a half of this dear book. But there is nothing like the country! I think I was saying that these lounges in St. James's Park do not always very materially advance the progress of our narrative. Not that I would insinuate that the progress of our narrative has flagged at all; not in the least, I am sure, we can't be accused of being prosy. There has been no Balaam, (I don't approve this neologism; but I am too indolent at present, to think of another word,) in these books. I have withstood every temptation; and now, though I scarcely know in what way to make out this volume, here I am, without the least intention of finally proving that our Vivian Grey is the son of the Marquis of Carabas, by a former and secret marriage—in Italy, of course.—Count Anselmo—Naples—and an old nurse, &c. &c.; or that Mrs. Felix Lorraine is Horace Grey, Esquire, in disguise; or of making that much-neglected beauty, Julia Manvers, arrive in the last scene with a chariot with four horses and a patent axle-tree—just in time!—Alas! dear Julia! we may meet again. In the meantime the memory of your bright blue eyes shall not escape me; and when we do meet, why you shall talk more and laugh less. But you were young when last you listened to my nonsense; one of those innocent young ladies, who, on entering a drawing-room, take a rapid glance at their curls in a pier glass, and then, flying to the eternal round table, seek refuge in an admiring examination of the beauties of the Florence Gallery, or the binding of Batty's views.'

'This slight allusion to Julia is a digression. I was about to inform you, that I have no intention of finishing this book by any thing extraordinary. The truth is, and this is quite confidential, invention is not to be "the feature" of this work. What I have seen, I have written about; and what I shall see, I shall, perhaps, also write about. Some day I may, perchance, write for fame; at present I write for pleasure. I think, in that case, I'll write an epic, but it shall be in prose. The reign of poesy is over, at least for half a century; and by that time my

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bones will be bleached. I think I should have made a pretty poet. Indeed, it is with great difficulty that I prevent my paragraphs from hobbling into stanzas.

'Stop! I see the finest purple emperor, just alighting upon that myrtle. Beautiful insect! thy title is too humble for thy bright estate! for what is the pageantry of princes to the splendour of thy gorgeous robes? I wish I were a purple emperor! I came into the world naked—and you in a garment of glory. I dare not subject myself to the heat of the sun, for fear of a *coup de soleil*; nor to a damp day for fear of the rheumatism; but the free sky is your proper habitation, and air your peculiar element. What care you, bright one, for Dr. Kitchener, or the Almanach des Gourmands? you, whose food is the dew of heaven, and the honied juices which you distil from every flower? Shadowed by a leaf of that thick shrub, I could for a moment fancy that your colour was sooty black; and yet now that the soft wind has blown the leaf aside, my eye is suddenly dazzled at the resplendent glow of your vivid purple. Now I gaze in admiration at the delightful, and amazing variety of your shifting tints playing in the sunbeam; now, as it is lighting up the splendour of your purple mantle, and now lending fresh brilliancy to your rings of burnished gold!

'My brilliant purple emperor! I must have you—I must indeed:—but I wish, if possible, to bring you down, rather by the respiration of my flank than the impulse of my thong.—Smack!—Confound the easterly wind playing up my nostril. I've missed him—and there he flies, mounting higher and higher, till at last he fixes on the topmost branch of yon lofty acacia. What shall I do? I'm not the least in the humour for writing.

'There is the luncheon bell! Luncheon is a meal, if meal it may be called, which I do not patronise. 'Tis very well for school-boys and young ladies; acceptable to the first, because they are always ready to devour—and to the second, because a glass of sherry and a slice of reindeer's tongue, and a little marmalade, and a little Neufchâtel, enable them to toss their pretty little heads at dinner and "not touch any thing;" be proportionately pitted, and look proportionately interesting. Luncheon is the modern mystery of the Bona Dea. I say nothing, but I once acted Clodius, in this respect. I never wondered afterwards at a woman's want of appetite.'

The book itself may be characterised as a literary *luncheon*—light and pleasant rather than substantial: and so far, to make use of a favourite expression of the author's, we do *patronise* it.

The Pamphleteer, No. LII. London, 1826. Sherwood and Co.

THE fifty-second number of the *Pamphleteer* contains not fewer than fourteen distinct pamphlets, of which four are original. They embrace a variety of subjects, including the law and its abuses, Greece and her claims, the resources of the British empire, phrenology, theology, the law of debtor and credi-

tor, the law of assaults, the eternity of the world, the jurisdiction of the court of chancery, the financial and commercial systems of Great Britain, &c. &c. The pamphlets are well written, and on subjects not only of present interest, but of general importance. From the first, we quote some suggestions on altering the administration of the laws; the writer very properly remarks that it is absurd, we should have no more judges now, when crime and litigation are so much increased, than we had centuries ago. He says,—

'Originally there was but one chancellor appointed, or more correctly the chancery business, of which, of course, there was not much fell into the hands of the chancellor: and, by degrees, it is not very well understood how the chancery jurisdiction grew to its present extent and magnitude, of which it is not exactly known where the boundaries may be:—for though a chancellor's conscience may be a more definite thing than it was stated by no mean authority to have been formerly, his powers extend to things not only in esse, but in posse, and he himself seems to be the only judge where they end. It is sufficient for us to *know*, however, that there is scarcely a human transaction which may not by some means or other be brought under his cognisance. Surely this is too much for any one man, and is very much at variance with our ancestor's ideas, as appears very clearly from the remonstrances they frequently made against the "extraordinary" writs. In due course, the master of the rolls came to be a judge, and of late the vice-chancellor has been brought "in aid"—humbly be it spoken, making bad worse; as it now seems, that after getting through the vice-chancellor's court, it is necessary to wait and know from the chancellor whether you had any right to go there—Nulli deferemus! Why have not additional chancellors been put on the bench? The lord chancellor could still retain his precedence and political functions; and the chancery need not have been shut, while appeals were hearing in the House of Lords;—the new members of the bench would be, properly speaking, judges in chancery. The decisions of the court would no longer be the dicta of an individual, but would assume the weight and consistence of law; and as a necessary consequence, nisi prius sittings in equity, so loudly called for by the pressure of business, and the convenience of the nation, would be held in the counties. Perhaps the law courts are much more important than the equitable; and though law ought to be brought to the door of every man, yet for equity, he should travel three or four hundred miles to London.

'Such an arrangement would no doubt meet a very decided opposition—would be considered the worst of radicalism, and many other *isms* too tedious to mention—by many of the learned gentlemen, especially of those who would be supposed the most competent from their standing, &c. to give an opinion. But there is a difference between *knowing* the law, and *deciding* on the best manner of administering it. The "operatives" are not generally the best engineers: they strike out

ingenious details, but would scarcely be consulted on extended plans. The truth is, the monopoly in the profession would be in danger—the juniors would have a chance. Talents of the first order could not be buried for ten or twelve years, not to speak of that which *never* makes its way. Such is not the case at the American bar. Talents and industry, at all superior, are sure to be distinguished,—and this is one of the most forcible causes of the excellence of that body. Its leading members are the elite of the nation. I do not recollect to have seen this insisted on by any of their writers: they probably were not sufficiently aware of the state of things in this country, for the comparison to strike them. The *fee-takers* of every description, from the topping solicitor with his continuances, to the exactor of some extra shillings for a "private seal," would probably consider the "Great Diana," whom all their craft worshippeth, in danger: the control of the tail of the profession over its head would be woefully diminished. It is evident enough that Dr. Lyall has been long out of England, or he would not have considered the conduct of Russian servants and functionaries so very unexampled.

'A few simple questions, which have nothing to do with law, but it is believed may claim some relation to common sense, will probably set the subject in a clearer point of view. For instance,—

'If four judges were necessary for the court of King's Bench a century ago, why are not more necessary now?

'If circuits were gradually altered from once in seven years to twice in one year, why should not the alteration go on?

'If criminal courts were held in the metropolis oftener than in the country, on account of the great press of business, why should they not now be of still more frequent occurrence?

'Is the practice of a barrister sitting at nisi prius constitutional, at least since the beginning of the late king's reign; and whether or not, do not very serious objections exist, both in theory and practice, against it?

'If the lord chief justice has three, or it may be said eleven judges as his assistants, why should not the lord chancellor have assistance also?

'If it be necessary to have circuits for common law, why not for equity also?

'Questions of this kind might be obviously multiplied, but they may be sufficient for the present, without going into "wherefores" respecting the attorneys' fees for continuances, and for putting their heads into court, or sending their clerks there, term after term—the barristers' remembrancers—the resealings—the "valuable" causes brought into court for the mere purpose of delay, which, of course, are well paid for—waiting four or five years for the decree that the "court has no cognisance"—bills of revive, which at present are in many cases tantamount to a denial of even a hearing—no mean aid in making a chancery suit an inheritance—for whom, and to whose uses and purposes it is needless to say. It is humbly submitted, that when this subject shall come, as it must

come, fairly before parliament, an attorney, solicitor, and proctor, should be purchased for the national benefit. A few thousands thus spent would be well laid out, as no other means of acquiring a knowledge of their mysteries seems to exist, particularly as regards that branch of the *ad libitum* taxation—FEES, which stare the unfortunate Englishman in the face at every turning—in the courts of justice, in the attempt to secure to himself the fruits of his talents or ingenuity, in an application to parliament for a beneficial law. If he has been unjustly incarcerated, either by the Dogberry's or the first law officer of the kingdom, he may be discharged, on "payment of his fees"—if he find it necessary to take refuge from misfortune in exile, he can have land granted him in Canada, but on "payment of fees," amounting to more than the fee-simple of the land is really worth—about fourfold, it is said, of the sum for which the American congress sell theirs.

There is much good sense in these observations, and, indeed, in the whole of the pamphlet; and we hope writers like Mr. Crofton Uniacke, and the author of this tract will not cease urging the absolute necessity of an alteration in the law and its administration, until the 'consummation so devoutly to be wished' is obtained.

Lectures on History and General Policy; to which is prefixed, an Essay on a Course of Liberal Education for Civil and Active Life. By JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, LL. D., F. R. S., &c. A new Edition, with numerous Enlargements and Additional Notes. By J. T. RUTT. 8vo. pp. 593. London, 1826. Tegg.

THE publisher of this volume has recently printed new editions of several standard works at a low price, which has rendered them more accessible than they had hitherto been; and he has now given us a more complete edition of Dr. Priestley's *Lectures on History* than has yet appeared—a work much wanted, as it has long been out of print. To the original work, which is one of standard excellence, Mr. Rutt has added various illustrative and explanatory notes. Though principally intended as a branch of education, these lectures contain so much valuable information so well arranged, that they may be read with advantage by all classes of society. To the present edition is added, a Lecture, by Dr. Priestley, on the Constitution of the United States. It also contains the two charts of history and biography, so well calculated to aid the memory on those subjects. In perusing this work, which first appeared in 1788, the reader cannot fail of observing that many observations of the author have been confirmed, and several of his suggestions adopted since its publication; Dr. Priestley was, however, an acute politician and a sound philosopher, and his opinions were not grounded on fanciful theories, but on correct principles, and there is more good sense and rational knowledge in these lectures, than most of the treatises of political economy extant.

Sibyl's Leaves: Poems and Sketches. By ELIZABETH WILLESFORD MILLS. Post 8vo. pp. 260. London, 1826. Longman and Co.

No inconsiderable quantity of ink was, a few years ago, shed in a doughty dispute between Lord Byron, the Rev. Mr. Lisle Bowles, and Mr. Campbell, on the question, whether objects of nature or of art are more suitable to poetry; the fact, however, is, that they are often so much mixed together, that it is not easy to separate them; and that with persons of true genius there is little difference. The volume before us furnishes a proof of this, though, it must be confessed, that in its nature predominates abundantly, and almost every poem is of a domestic character. We do not like them the worse for that, for the feelings, the affections, and the circumstances of domestic life are as good subjects for poetry as any with which we are acquainted.

The fair author of *Sibyl's Leaves* is endowed with no ordinary portion of poetic genius, and she possesses exquisite taste. There is a sweetness, a delicacy, and a pathos in her poems, which is quite delightful; they all breathe the kindest affections, and must, we are sure, emanate from a heart as amiable as the mind is accomplished. Many of the little pieces, and they are none of them long, are gems of poesy; we will, however, venture on one of the longest, which possesses so much merit, that any poet might be proud of it. The allusions to young and hapless authors are extremely felicitous and beautiful. The poem is entitled

'NIGHT THOUGHTS.'

'Prosperity is beautiful—e'en like
The mid-day sun of summer, and the world
Flies to its beam; and seems to smile as fond,
As brilliantly, as human features glow
Beneath the passing glory of that sun—
Prosperity is gay—e'en like the loud
Rich joyous choristers of day; the scene
Is filled with harmony, the spirit moves
In measures of delight: the world is there
Amid the sun-beams and the choristers—
But tell me when the dark and closing shades
Hang o'er the landscape, who will stay to list
The mournful music of the nightingale?

'Ay—in adversity the human soul
Is left all lonely, stern, and powerful;
Majestic in her fallen happiness,
Unsought, unprized her noble energies;
Like him who said to Afric's governor—
"Go now, to Rome, and say that Marius
Sits amid the ruins of great Carthage!"
Here the heart over its own emotions
Withers—yearns o'er visions which it cannot
Realise; o'er hopes it cannot hasten;
Gives to the aching present its deep throbs,
And to the future all the racking fears
Of wild imagination: here—oh!—here—
Where young Love bends over the beauties of
His own sweet thoughtfulness, like Milton's Eve
Gazing within the lake upon herself:
Here, where delusion hangs upon bright forms,
Where beauty, mental loveliness, and bloom,
Belong to youth—but are not happiness.

'Let me depart from such a world as this—
Where morning smiles upon the flow'rets
blush,
But evening hangs its damp dews o'er their
tombs:

Where brightest suns are heralds to the storms,

And rainbows are the followers of tears.
Oh! would the dark Atlantic give me back
The priceless soul its high wave bore away,
I could contented linger here, even here!
He hangs upon my dreams, the dreams of night
Are his; my spirit left to her own pow'r
Flies o'er the billow and beholds him—there
He smiles in his own vividness, he speaks
In his own tones, his dear lip touches mine:—
What is that form, which in the dark, the still
Untroubled midnight, is so like to him?
Where have I found him? bear the day-light
hence:

My brother—oh!—my brother—rest thee now.
Souls cannot miss their way—then come to me,
For distance is not; let the body sleep
Amid this mystery of spirit; she
Will have no companion in her task, no
Eye, no mortal hand to help her riddance
Of mortality. Immortal inmate
Of a mortal frame! Great spirit! breath'd by
God in man, when "man became a living
Soul." Impassion'd, restless, thoughtful being!
Is there no peril in thy midnight course?
Is it full certain that thou wilt return?
Men style it but the dreaminess of sleep,
And dread not thy departure from their
frames;

Oh! should'st thou not return again!—for
there

Is one strange moment given to each life,
One moment in the which the body sinks
In loneliness, that thou wilt not dispel
Again in time: this loneliness is death.
I will wake late to-night; for I have wrought
An almost fearfulness within my heart
By thinking of thy rideless wanderings.

'Rise winds of night—my mind is quite, quite
wild

And fanciful enough to parley with
The blast—the billowy sea will curl its
Waters; there's no tranquillity abroad:
Ocean and air are communing, and this
Our darkling earth forms the triumvirate.
No lights are hung for them in Heaven—stars,
And suns, love nature in her gentleness;
The twin presides not for the mariner:
The stately vessel rides the wave in gloom.

'When'er I list the storm, Loch Leven's bard
Comes forward; cold December shook his cot
With tempest, but the burning heart within
Hung o'er the music of its own sweet lyre:
Fever consumed his cheek, consumption hung
Over the pulses of his bosom—death
Guided the hand which gave his name to fame.
And can I then forget the boy, whose heart
Outgrew his happiness in eighteen years?
Poor Chatterton! who lifted his fine brow
To Genius, and expired in her tears.
Oft has he stood upon "St. Vincent's Rock,"†
Giving his song of marvel to the winds!
With tatter'd garb and young eye bright with
life,

And spirit drunk with beauty; there he stood
Idolater of Nature! breathing forth
His strain of promise to the soulless world:
Heedless it turn'd away—it had its course
Of joyfulness—I told you none would stay
To list the music of the nightingale.
Loch Leven's bard sunk gently to the tomb
And sought no poet's wreathing for his head;
But this young restless bosom nerved its
strength,

To wear the laurel like a child of song—
Or drain in solitude the poison'd bowl.
And yet another—Keats, whose vivid soul
Trembled o'er poetry; who woke the chords

* 'Bruce.'

† 'Clifton.'

To an uncertain harmony of sound—
Wild music drawn from an Æolian lyre;
Uncertain like the beam which smiled over
The slumbers of his own Endymion.
Delicate poet! young romancer! thou
Hast borne thy broken heart, where seraphs
sing
A strain as fugitive, as sweet as thine.

'This life has many mighty mockeries!
I think of thee, Kirke White, and know not
well

If I shall laugh or weep, to see thy grave
Resorted to by those, who to thy life
Denied one smile; to see them throw the
green

Luxuriant myrtle o'er thy senseless
Corpse; to hear them breathing now thy high
and

Beautiful imaginings! when they sunk
Thy brow, glowing with all the crimsonings
Of Genius, down to the unconscious dust:
And found not glory in thy spotless life—
Nor music in thy rich and plaintive lay—
Nor gave one breath of praise, till thou wert
cold,

And heedless of their raptures or their blame.

'Poetry!

Child of light! and darling of the sky! thou
Young immortal! struggling inheritor
Of lovely, fond, and visionary hearts,
I hail thee! let the world bear from my path,
There is not space enough for them and thee.
Bright fugitive! whose eyes are seen through
tears,

Whose smiles break from sunlit clouds, yet
still
From clouds—whose sweetest tones are heard,
when love

Has left thee pillow'd on the breast of grief—
I woo thee! well I know thy raptures all
Are dizzy, but there is nought beautiful
But poetry and love and hope; link'd like
"The Charities." come, follow then my heart,
My spirit, through her way-faring below.

'Tis well thou art so rich in loveliness;
For, oh! thy sigh is pain to such excess:
And thy tears are so passion-fraught—and all
Around thee is imaginative, wild,
Lone, and aspiring; and thy sunbright hair
Rests like a cloud of splendour on thy brow;
Such clouds I've mark'd around the queen of
night;

They're very beautiful; but yet they hang,
Or seem to hang in weariness on her:
And heaviness is pressing o'er thy lip,
And thou art bright—but like a child of earth,
Thy form is glory and thy glance is care.'

From the shorter pieces we select the two
following:—

'ON BEING TOLD I MUST NOT SING OF LOVE.

'They say I must not sing of love—
I threw my lyre away;
For oh! I could not wake one tone,
Without that dearest lay.

'Twas strange to bid a woman's heart,
Forbear its loveliest pow'r;
They might as well tell nature's hand,
It must not rear a flow'r.

'They might as well forbid the sky
To give her forms of light;
Tell forms of light they must not shine
Upon the clouds of night.

'The flow'rets they are nature's own,
And stars the midnight seek;
And Love, his sweet untroubled rose,
Has thrown on woman's cheek.

'Tis vain to fly from destiny,
For all is ruled above;
Nature has flow'rs, and night has stars,
And woman's heart has love.

'And if I must not sing of love,
Throw, throw the lyre away;
For oh! I cannot wake one tone,
Without life's dearest lay.'

'IMOGEN'S WORDS.

—'or ere I could

Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words."—Cymbeline.

'What were those words, which held be-
tween them the kiss of Imogen, the beautiful
Imogen of Shakspeare, to Leonatus?

'Dr. Warburton says they must have been
"Adieu Posthumus."

'Dr. Warburton is surely wrong, the anx-
ious heart of woman would syllable: "My
husband."—

'For deeper language never yet
Spoke from a wedded eye;
Nor could a spell more holy, rest
Upon mortality.

'And when the wife, with flutt'ring nerve,
Would claim her dearest pow'r;
Fondly she throws her wedded vow,
Upon the aching hour.

'Those magic words which bind him her's,
She breathes upon his heart;
The spirit's vow of constancy
Ere Imogen can part.'

In addition to the poems, there are two or
three sketches in prose, which are very cle-
ver, particularly one on Shakspeare.

*The Eccentric Traveller. In Four Volumes.
With Forty-four Engravings. 12mo. Lon-
don, 1826. Longman and Co. Oliver
and Boyd, Edinburgh.*

THE world has produced many eccentric trav-
ellers, from Sir John Mandeville, who re-
turned with thirty-four years' beard and
knowledge from Jerusalem, to Walking
Stewart, or Mr. Holman who though blind
would have proceeded to Kamtschatka, if the
Emperor of Russia had not prevented him.
There are few, however, who, like our author,
so well know or so honestly confess their real
character. This is a proof of candour which
says much in his favour in the outset, as it
inspires confidence, and induces a belief that
the person who has learned that most diffi-
cult of all studies—to know himself, may
give pretty good guesses as to the rest of the
world. In this opinion the reader will not
be disappointed, for the Eccentric Traveller,
throughout these volumes, displays con-
siderable knowledge of the world, in which
we suspect he has sojourned some half-cen-
tury at least.

The eccentric traveller, James, whose sur-
name is of no consequence, represents him-
self as descended from a native of Britain who
settled in Portugal in 1666; when arrived
at years of maturity, James determined on
seeing the world, and travelling for the bene-
fit of mankind. He fixes on Spain, and
certainly no country needs benefitting more,
though few deserve it less. Our traveller,
however, is an arch wag, who, under the
guise of a tour in Spain, gives us a very
smart and clever picture of society in a coun-
try far more interesting to an Englishman;

his rambles, which are of the Gil Blas class,
present an infinite variety of adventures,
some of which are of a very amusing charac-
ter, and betray themselves even from under
the mask adopted to conceal them. Al-
though a great deal of broad humour runs
through the whole work, yet there are many
shrewd remarks, and the author displays
much good sense and good feeling:—

With these remarks we shall make one or
two extracts; the first determines the locality
of the scene—for there are few of our readers
in town at least, who have not heard of that
numerous and highly honourable society the
Cogers, which numbers among its members
near the whole body corporate of Toledo, as
our facetious traveller calls the city where its
meetings are held.

'The day afterwards James was introduced
to a strange set of fellows, who met every
night in an apartment of the inn, called "the
smoking room." Over the fire-place of this
apartment was the following inscription:—
"Cogers' Society, instituted 1756." At the
right hand sat the president, who went by
the name of Le Felice, as his duty consisted
in making every member of the club happy,
and hearing all that went on without making
any observation, unless a member made a
shrewd remark, when he slapped the table,
and exclaimed:—"Well said; faith, that's
excellent!" The president was a tall well-
made man, with high cheek-bones, pitted with
small-pox, bald on the forehead, and highly
powdered; so that, on the whole, he had a
graceful appearance, except being somewhat
disfigured by a long fore-tooth, which pro-
truded from his mouth, and gave him a face-
tious look whenever he attempted to laugh,
and which one day fell into an empty porter-
jug, with a sound that rather astonished
the company. The vice-president sat op-
posite, and was a droll-looking figure; as his
bushy eyebrows almost concealed his little
grey eyes, through which he peeped with a
leering look at the company; while his chin
and under-lip protuded so much beyond the
upper features, that they seemed scarcely to
belong to the same face.

'Another queer fellow belonging to the
club, was a little man, with a carbuncled
nose, ruddy cheeks, and a round chin; so
that the contour of his face bore no small re-
semblance to the moon in her last quarter.
He had an unusual way of expressing himself
when speaking on any subject; for, in ad-
dressing the company, instead of saying,
"Gentlemen," he would say, "Gents;"—
instead of calling the representatives of the
mercantile interest, "The Board of Trade,"
he would call them, "The Brod. of Tred.;"
and, instead of denominating a splendid ta-
vern, a "Hotel," he would style it a
"Hottle," &c. Though every word he ut-
tered was intelligible, yet the antiquated dialect
which he used rendered him eccentric in the
eyes of his companions, although there was
not one of them who had so much sense as
himself; so that he was the greatest favour-
ite with the club, and also with our traveller.

'There was sometimes considerable diver-
sion at the meetings of this society; as they

dealt out puns and conundrums to puzzle each other, argued about the most eligible professions in life, disputed about the speediest method of becoming rich, and proposed a thousand similar questions for solution, which every member endeavoured to answer, not by reason and argument, but from his own observation or experience. By this means our traveller gained a considerable accession to his knowledge of the world, without any other trouble than stepping into the room where Coger's society met in the evening.

Who the individuals are thus so well described, we leave the worthy society of Cogers to find out; their portraits may be truly, but they are also good-naturedly drawn. In our next extract, it will be seen the author has a hit at novel-writing; of course he cannot have had any particular individual in his eye, though there is some waggish roguery in that said eye. The Eccentric Traveller is at Magueda, we believe, though some persons will think the scene laid in a more northern latitude than that of Spain:—

'James having seen enough of this high-bred lady, turned from her with disgust to a gentleman who seemed very active in tearing asunder the leg of a hen, while his mouth and fingers were all besmeared with grease. Although in this condition, he could not refrain from telling the company that he had taken it into his head to turn author; and that he was persuaded, if a man only got the knack of writing books (no matter what they were), he might be quite sure of making a fortune. James was not a little surprised at hearing this from a decent, respectable-looking, dark-coloured little man, and asked him upon what subjects he employed his pen. The gentleman said that he could write on any subject;—poetry, antiquities, history, romances, any thing;—they were all the same to him, as every book he published was equally well received. But, he added, that he had lately renounced almost every other subject, and betaken himself to the writing of novels, which he dealt out in three or four duodecimos all the days of the year. The reason he gave for preferring this species of composition was, that the imaginations of most people are stronger than their judgments; and hence there was a far greater number of novel-readers than of any other books, such as those of science or literature or general knowledge. Indeed, so insatiable was the appetite of female readers for fashionable novels, that whenever he announced the title of a new one, he was under the necessity of writing whatever came into his head to fill it up, in order to gratify the wishes of thousands, whose chief delight consisted in reading, rehearsing, and talking of its contents to all their acquaintances. By these means, he had now become so popular in this line, that if a novel, however hastily written,—however irregular in its plan,—however defective in its execution, bore on its title-page that it was "by the author of Somnus Solemnus," it was instantly bought up by all the ladies, from fifteen to three-score, and by all the gentlemen who would qualify themselves for entering into the chit-chat of a tea-table.

'James having listened to this wonderful detail, asked the gentleman what peculiarities formed the leading features of his works, which were so much admired.

"Oh! as to that," replied he, tearing off another leg of the hen, "I believe it is a long time since the world has heard of Tom Thumb and Jack the Giant-killer:—these, and such other characters, I metamorphose into a thousand different shapes, by introducing them under the figure of a redoubted chieftain, a robust freebooter, a haggard gipsy, an ugly dwarf, or a fairy elf;—and then, by representing them as traversing various parts of the country, I take an opportunity of describing the scenery in all the variegated aspects which it assumes, so as to fill up a novel with pleasant sketches, which make the reader pleased with the tale, and overlook the extravagant nonsense which it contains. Don't you know," continued he, that "if a man should write the history of the poets, it would never sell; but if you only put a new preface and title-page to it, and call it a novel, you will have all the people in the province, with cats and dogs at their heels, running after it. I assure you, I have made a great deal of money in this way;—all my books sell well, and I do believe I could dispose of a thousand copies of blank paper, if I only put on the title-page "A novel, in three volumes, by the author of Somnus Solemnus."

The Eccentric Traveller uses his pencil as well as his pen, and has given us forty-four wood-cuts, each representing some scene in his adventures; there is a good deal of character and humour in some of the sketches, though executed in a somewhat peculiar style—no doubt, to suit the taste of the Eccentric Traveller, of whom we now take our leave, and to whom we wish every possible success; may he have no rest on the shelves of a circulating library, and may every leaf be as dog-eared as the writing pad of a law-stationer; for he is a pleasant fellow, and may be introduced into any company.

Keeper's Travels in Search of his Master. 14th Edition. Enlarged by the Author. 12mo. pp. 374. London, 1826. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy.

THIS is one of the most popular juvenile works in the English language, and that deservedly so, for it is admirably suited to youth; the style is easy but correct, the adventures of Keeper both interesting and amusing, and the moral excellent; there is, besides, much shrewd remark, which would not be lost on adults. The author is a gentleman of very versatile talent, who, while he contributes to the amusement and information of youth, has instructed lawyers by his essays, and taught statesmen and senators a useful lesson; he has been complimented in parliament, and has even, by his own pen, procured the repeal of an absurd and mischievous law, but were we in his situation, we are not sure that we would not prefer the reputation of being the author of Keeper's Travels, to all the celebrity his other labours have conferred upon him.

A Chronology of Ancient History, illustrated by Parallel Streams of Time: or, an Historical and Geographical Account of the various Nations of the Earth, their Origin and Settlements, from the Deluge to the Birth of Christ, arranged in Questions and Answers; with Illustrative Extracts from the Ancient Poets. By MRS. SHERWOOD. 12mo. pp. 382. London, 1826. Longman and Co.

IT is not a little remarkable, that, although Mrs. Sherwood had never seen or even heard of Sir Isaac Newton's Chronology until she had formed her own, yet the two works coincide in the most important particulars. It appears that Mrs. Sherwood's attention was first called to chronology when residing at Cawnpore, in the East Indies, in the year 1809. At that time, the Rev. Henry Martyn was a resident in her family, and it was one of his chief delights to trace the families of the earth now existing, up to their great progenitors, the sons and grandsons of Noah. This induced Mrs. Sherwood to direct her studies to the same point, though she commits a blunder in the preface, when she says, 'It cannot be doubted that the author would fail to gather every word which fell from the mouth of this holy and enlightened servant of God, on a subject of such interest, with as much care as the Ligurian maidens are said to have collected the amber which fell from the eyes of the weeping Platonides.' To take care to fail was evidently not the author's intention, nor has she done so, for her work is really excellent, whether we consider it as a manual for youth, or for a library volume of reference. At the end of each chapter is a chronological table of the remarkable events connected with the nation or people to which it relates, and the whole work, which must have been one of immense labour, is arranged in a clear, perspicuous, and systematic manner.

A Concise View of Ancient Geography; with Biographical, Chronological, and Historical Notes; and Seven neat illustrative Maps; designed as an easy Introduction to the Rev. Dr. Butler's Sketch of Ancient Geography. By W. H. BOND, of Queen's College, Cambridge. London, 1826. Simpkin and Marshall.

IT cannot be doubted that a knowledge of ancient geography must greatly facilitate the study of the Greek and Roman classics, yet much as has been done to promote an acquaintance with modern geography, a clear and familiar view of that of the ancients, illustrated by maps, and published at a price generally accessible, was a desideratum until Mr. Bond published his little work and its accompanying atlas. The extent and divisions of the world as known to the ancients, and the birth-place of persons of eminence are clearly pointed out, and the work is one which ought to be in the hand of every scholar.

Josceline and Julia, and other Poems. By EDWARD CHARLES RICH. 12mo. pp. 195. London, 1826. Churchill.

THESE are gentlemanly verses, and we cannot award them a higher praise.

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Extracts of Ancient Grecian and Persian Biography. By A. SELWYN. 12mo. pp. 220. London, 1826. Thomas.

THIS little work contains a brief but well-written notice of the most distinguished persons of ancient Greece and Persia, alphabetically arranged; though necessarily more limited than the enlarged and copious memoirs of those personages, yet its anecdotic character renders it a very readable book, which abridgments that merely mention the name, country, &c. of an individual, are not. To juvenile readers it cannot fail of proving acceptable.

The Young Artist. By M. BLACKFORD, Author of the *Scottish Orphans*, &c. 12mo. pp. 187. London, 1825.

THE object of this little work is to show how the tempers and dispositions of children may be moulded, and their little faults corrected, so as to render them virtuous and amiable; there is much truth in the remarks of the author, and the *Young Artist* may be very safely recommended to both children and their parents.

ORIGINAL.

TO MALACHI MALAGROWTHER, ESQ.

HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,—I am a person of humble origin, (to the degree of having even herded geese in my time,) and I lacked the benefits of early initiation in humane letters and discipline; but I have travelled, sir, and that in the company of a very eminent master, by whose grace and favour, I was advanced to an office of great dignity and trust. It is true that I held the said office but for a very brief space, but I discharged the duties of it to the entire satisfaction of all those concerned, (excepting myself,) and I left it, sir, with clean hands when I had done with it. Let me not, however, claim undue merit for myself. Seeing that my public conduct was entirely the result of the wholesome instructions and advice of that illustrious person, in whose service my public career began, and I may say ended. But these are matters long gone by.

Like yourself, sir, I now wax old, and live in retirement, on my slender means, (my office was rather one of honour than emolument,) as I best may. My purpose of sending a letter to you at the present time, is to signify to you that I have read, or heard read, (as I observe has been the case with the right honourable gentleman who is now at the head of his Britannic majesty's exchequer,) certain communications which you have lately sent to the *Weekly Journalist* of Edinburgh.

Now, sir, though I have long since left the service of the distinguished master I have alluded to, I would not willingly have it thought that I have, therefore, forgotten the wise counsels by which he enlightened me; and on that ground alone I venture to call in question, the propriety of your placing yourself in an attitude of such determined opposition to any measure which is founded upon such a rock as the aggregate wisdom of his said majesty's present ministers. Were the affair indeed connected with the wisdom of

any or all of his said majesty's past ministers, the case would be extremely different, and your temerity, (I always call a spade a spade,) might excite less horrification in the bosoms of loyal and prudent persons.

I proceed, sir, and I say, that in a literal sense I cordially concur in every argument you have adduced against giving physic to the bank notes of Scotland. But chains are made of links, and it is only the master workman who knows how to combine them, and what will be the general strength and effect of the whole. The political institutions of a great kingdom are the chain, and your Scotch bank notes are only a link, and you have had the hardihood to promulgate, (*valâte el Diablo por hombre*,) that you know as well, or even better, how to place this link than the eminent and enlightened and honourable persons who have got the whole chain in their hands. Take heed, sir, I pray you, and let us get on at a pace somewhat more moderate. We are now neither of us young, and if you happen to get the length of my signature, you will perceive that I am a person who was never friendly to useless rapidity of motion.

I must remind you, sir, that the eminent individual now at the head of your national exchequer has repealed certain imposts, and made certain reforms in various public departments, which, perhaps, in your present mood of mind, you will rather choose to term alterations; but with that point I meddle not here. Touching the acquirements, intelligence, and honourable intentions of that individual, I believe the whole people of your united kingdom are nearly as unanimous as those in that section of it, called (in the days of Robert Bruce,) Scotland, are in favour of their bank notes. You will also have observed that this eminent person has done Scotland the honour to acknowledge, in presence of the assembled delegates of the people, that he has not only some Scotch blood, but good old Scotch blood too, in his veins. You will, perhaps, think this irrelevant, but patience.

Well, sir, it has been communicated to me, (whether in a day or night dream I cannot tell, and I care not, for I have at no time troubled myself much about subtleties,) that on a certain morning of those gone by, this distinguished statesman, indulging in solitary reverie, (nobody knows the power of it better than you,) was wafted by his fancy as far as the Pillars of Hercules. He could hardly do less than pass a day or two with General Don, at Gibraltar, and take a cursory view of the striking and varied objects around him, as well as of the motley group of human agents who were every where passing under his eye.

Curiosity, once awakened, is a powerful stimulus, and it hurried him on in an easterly direction, till he had passed some days in the polished and hospitable society of the Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings, at Malta. The treat concluded, by way of desert, with some boat-sailing among the Ionian Islands. While he mused within himself about bastions and half-moons, crown batteries and devil's tongues, cannons and mortars, and

culverins and clear skies, verily, thought he, but these are princely playthings. At this point, by some curious fatality, (you may explain it, sir, yourself, if you are able,) the calculating physiognomy of Mr. Joseph Hume, M. P. intruded itself, and though not a word was spoken it was most distinctly felt, that the unmannerly question, What is the cost and who pays for it? had been put. This interrogatory changed the cloudless sky of the Mediterranean into something like the foggy atmosphere of more northern regions.

The right honourable gentleman, among many other good gifts, understands calculations and figures. He gave a sharp glance back to the days of Queen Anne, recollected for a moment, some papers that he had seen, touching the annual expenditure of Gibraltar, passed from that idea to the idea of compound interest, and arrived with the rapidity of lightning at a result; but whether of tens of millions or hundreds of millions, the compression of his lips would have defied your warlock powers to discover; and for my own part, I have dealt but little with figure trade, albeit I accord with the late Baillie Jarvie, of Glasgow, that the multiplication-table is the source of *much*, though not of *all*, useful knowledge.

I resume, sir, and say, that the right honourable statesman to whom I must so frequently allude, (let him not take that amiss, for of the numerous individuals who have never seen him, and probably never may, there is not one who wishes him better luck,) does not only deal in calculations as to transactions that are past, but is moreover engaged, from time to time, in hypothetical calculations about the time to come; and it may be reasonably inferred that he is endowed with glimmerings of the second sight, (it is, perhaps, but a glimmering at the best of it,) inasmuch as I am rightly advised, he derives his Scotch blood from a romantic and pastoral region of Scotland, called Breadalbane. Now, sir, I have already said, that the right honourable gentleman had arrived at a certain result, (in tens of millions or hundreds of millions,) touching the amount which had been swallowed up by the fortress of Gibraltar; from its occupation, in the reign of Queen Anne, of blessed memory, up to a certain day of a certain month of this present year of our Lord. He proceeded to cast the eye of foresight and of second sight into the dim regions of futurity, and grounding his hypothetical calculations on the supposition that things will remain exactly as they now are, till a certain day of a certain month of the year of grace 1900, he asked this question at himself, How will our accounts stand then? He arrived at his sum total with the same, or rather greater, alacrity than at first, but his lips continued closed, and his whole features enveloped in the most impenetrable mystery.

It is easier, however, to restrain the expression of thought than to restrain thought itself, and the right honourable gentleman discovered that his reverie had furnished him with matter for very grave deliberation. 'Can it be possible,' thought he, 'that the productive energies of the British people, great as these

confessedly are, can continue to struggle against such phlebotomizing, from year to year, and from century to century, as this comes to? And what have they got in return for all that is represented by this appalling array of significant figures, which strike my mind's eye so vividly? Two delusions of the devil, called the balance of power and foreign trade. Where was that phantom called the balance of power, when the late Napoleon Bonaparte put himself at the head of five hundred thousand chosen warriors, for the purpose of subjugating the boundless wastes of Russia? I trow there is not a statesman of us all, who could at that time have pointed out its local habitation. And who among us will now have the hardihood to aver that it may not in fifty, thirty, or even twenty years become again the same houseless vagabond that it was then? And touching foreign trade, what will men say, if it should appear on examination, that if all the cargoes of merchandize that ever were landed from the Mediterranean in England, had been picked up on the sands of Persia or the rocks of Gibraltar, or Malta, at no other cost than the labour of lading them, their aggregate amount would not have represented a tithe of the sum total, which I have been even now contemplating? Alas! I greatly fear that we have paid too dearly for this whistle, and that our predicament in some sort resembles that of the grave personage who rode for a whole day upon a stick, and sagely remarked when evening came, that had it not been for the *honour* of the thing, he might almost as well have performed the journey on foot.

'What then is to be done? I will put my hand to the plough, and I will not turn back. I will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I will no longer amuse or delude myself or others with such superficial flummery as debating for a whole night about an addition to a public officer's salary, when work so much more serious offers itself to my hand. I will not skim and film the ulcerous place, but I will take the axe to those delusive and pestilent and ruinous abominations: I will probe to the bottom the abuses which exist in the moral and political institutions of this distinguished people, whose destinies are for the time committed to my charge, and my name will be held in everlasting remembrance. I will neither do evil nor suffer evil to be done upon the dangerous plea, that good may come of it. I will deliver up Gibraltar to Ferdinand of Spain, as being a person likely, at no distant period, to need such an assylum, where he may continue to hem his petticoats or his shifts, if he pleases, and where the voice of truth, of reason, or of common sense, may have but slight chance of reaching him. I will make over Malta to its own knights, if any of the fraternity are yet in *rerum natura*, or to any other knight, who may covet such an acquisition, always understanding that they are to manage it and all their other affairs, at their own expense. They may take the grand Turk by the beard, or he them, as inclination may prompt, and I shall care very little whether the stone strikes the pitcher, or the pitcher the stone.

'The Ionian Islands I may, perhaps, consign to some of the overgrown capitalists of London, who it may be will untie their purse strings, and hire some trained bands to take care of them, for the purpose of having snug country boxes to retire to, on occasions when impaired digestion, or a wheezing in their organs of respiration, may lack change of climate and an atmosphere unpolluted with smoke. Or better still, I may throw the tail of the cow after her carcase, and send out, (if not there already,) the requisite quantity of gunpowder, for blowing these celebrated fortresses thoroughly to pieces, that not a cubic foot of bastion, or half moon, or devil's tongue either, shall rest in its present position. Amen.

'And what shall I do with the standing army of five, or eight, or ten thousand men, (as the case may be,) who are now passing their tedious hours in these fortresses, in yawning idleness? I will take a half mutchkin of Scotch whiskey or of London gin, (if better cannot be,) with Mr. Joseph Hume, and he will without question give me counsel thereanent.'

Here the right honourable gentleman drew a long breath, as I ween he had a good right to do, and found himself, (as Winifred Jenkins did when she first came to Haddingborough,) wonderfully refreshed. But his fancy (the gipsy) had not yet done with him. And where do you think, sir, did she send him next? Across the broad Atlantic, and that with as much ease and speed as if my late honoured master's friends (or foes) the enchanters, (they may be your own friends, sir, for any thing I know,) had been at hand to help her. He forthwith found himself intently gazing on the hamlets, the villages, the farms, the cities, the ships, the forests, and the magnificent lakes and rivers of the new continent. Wherever human beings were seen they were all busy, and he noticed in one place an elderly man, in plain apparel, advancing on a horse not much unlike my old friend Rosinante, towards a large building, into which, (after fastening his bridle-reins to a neighbouring paling,) he entered, pulled a bundle of papers from his pocket, and proceeded (with woollen stockings on his legs, sir,) to open the parliament of this strange people? He learned that he was looking on a republic, whose institutions had stood the experiment of fifty years, while she had gradually, but regularly, advanced in sturdy agricultural prosperity, and her population had augmented from three or four, to ten or eleven millions. And he learned further, (then he thought of the old man and his horse with little surprise,) that the expense of these institutions did not, perhaps, much exceed the sum necessary to procure carriage and race horses for the aristocracy, and other honourable gentlemen of England. What further he might have seen there, and what might have been his reflections thereon, I cannot tell you, because the restless jade who had the power over him, transported him with the celerity of a sun-beam across the straits of Dover. France was now before him, Spain on his right hand, Germany and Italy in the distance, and hap-

less Greece in the remotest horizon. He paused and pondered. All these are regions famed in story and favoured by nature, but what a melancholy contrast do they exhibit to what I saw in the west! Old and decrepid monarchies tottering under the accumulated and accumulating load of vice, corruption, prejudice, proscription, and cupidity! And Greece, too, awakened from a long sleep of slavery, and animated by some portion of the glorious spirit of her departed sons, and maintaining an almost hopeless struggle against her barbarous oppressors, but without one friendly hand held out to help her! 'What,' mused the right honourable gentleman, 'will the soul of Leonidas be thinking of this? That soil so sacred in his sight, and which he watered with the thrice noble blood of himself and his intrepid companions, trodden on, despoiled, polluted by ignorant and barbarous fanatics! But haply he knows nothing of this, else would he be for returning to Thermopylae again, laying bare his mighty arm, and prostrating these ruthless monsters, as might the forked lightnings of Heaven.'

But hark! a knock at the door of the right hon. gentleman's dressing-room has, in an instant of time, brought him back to London again. We will leave him, now, sir, to his barber and his breakfast, and much good may that same breakfast do him: kindly welcome shall he be to a share of mine, should he ever happen to pass into these parts. And now, sir, I trust, we are beginning to understand each other: and so, without further Ceremony, (her ladyship was never a favourite with me,) what do you think, Mr. Malagrowther, of the right hon. gentleman's morning's work? He has cut the throats, you perceive, of two or three enormous and insatiable horse-leeches in the Mediterranean, (the breed of them is mentioned, as I think, in the Holy Scriptures,) and I see, with glowing satisfaction, the blue waves of that celebrated sea tinged, for many a league, with the blood of them: and he has got witting of the haunts of some other monsters of the same kidney. Verily, sir, I begin to quake, lest the brilliant deeds of my late and ever-honoured master should suffer obscuration: little did I at one time think, that I should live to see the day, when I could liken any other person to him. In one morning, sir! What will be thought of our giant and wind-mill transactions after this?

And now, sir, I think I hear you growl out: what, in the name of common sense, have all these dreaming vagaries to do with the Bank notes of Scotland? Softly, sir, and hurry no man's cattle. I reply to you, directly, nothing; by inference much; and if report speaks truth, (the jade is too seldom at that trade, however,) there are worse hands at an inference, Mr. Malagrowther, than you are. I have given you a glimpse of some portion of the right hon. gentleman's magnificent doings; I have shown you that he is not one of those who, when you ask for bread, will give you a stone; I have shown you, in short, that he is a *statesman*, and not a purblind and floundering driveller, like many others who, for the curse of their kind,

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have sitten in high places in their day; and for the present turn, let that, I pray you, suffice. When your own carnal convictions stagger you, as to any particular measure, take the staff of faith, (or of loyalty, sir, if it likes you better,) to bear upon. You may have had that to do peradventure, in other cases, and it has been the lot of many a wise and well-intended person before your time. Should it be even thought expedient to administer one *leetle Anderson* for your own peculiar benefit, and in the general cause of uniformity, I advise you to swallow and submit, and let not your dreams be disturbed about claymores, nor targets either. Their time has gone by, and you have got instead thereof, cotton-mills and cotton-weavers and silk-weavers too, as I hear say, in a place they call Spitalfields; and you have got the monied interest and sleek and big-bellied citizens, and dinners of three courses, or of six courses, for aught I know, (would that I could get at them!) and you have got wine and oil and milk and honey and turtle and venison and stewed carp; and you have got hospitals and Lock hospitals and houses of correction and workhouses and lunatic asylums and tread-mills and hulks and Port Jackson and all the blessings and diseases and follies and crimes of repletion and starvation and—what the devil more, Mr. Malachi Malagrowth, would—you—have? If here is not an out turn of uniformity for you, with a vengeance. My name is not—but, poco à poco, we have not come to that yet. Your Balfours of Burley, your Gramams of Claverhouse, your Sergeant Bothwells, and your Rob Roys, and even your Cuddieheadriggs, your Neil Blanes, and your Goose Gibbies, are not people fit for the world that now is. There is hardly a lad in your country that knows how to play a game at foot-ball, and not one in a hundred who is not twenty times at the gill stoup for once that he is at the *putting* stane. It was otherwise langsyne; but these changes are among the numerous blessings which attend upon the wealth and improvement of nations. I fear, sir, that what my master, (honour to his memory!) used to call the philosophy of political economy, is yet very near the bottom of the well. It seems to be very generally, though tacitly admitted, as an axiom, that the wealth of nations and the happiness of nations are convertible terms; but I am old-fashioned, sir, and have not yet arrived at that conclusion, either as to nations or individuals. Could you not, sir, at some leisure time, point out the means of reconciling hardihood, courage, and endurance, with self-indulgence, refinement, and wealth?

But, sir, it is nearly dinner time, (twelve o'clock at noon, mind you,) and dinner is a part of the day's work, which I have never been known willingly to shrink from or neglect. I would like, passing well, to sip with you a modicum of that beverage, which is called, in your country, dew of the mountains, the reputation of which has penetrated even into these parts; though of unlawful origin, it is reported to be exhilarating and restorative. You have been a great traveller, as I hear say, in Utopian regions. Should

any of your excursions lead you this way, may I expect the kindness of a call? I can proffer nothing beyond a flask of Andalusian, but I think it will be reasonably good. We shall put no water to the first one, at any rate, and my life to a nut shell, we shall have an animated gossip.

Adios, señor mio.—May you live a thousand years; and if you keep violent balsams, (I have some practical knowledge of them,) to the left hand, I think the thing is in no way unlikely. You will, I warrant me, have had lots of correspondents in your time, but wizzard, as men say you are, I doubt much if ever you dreamed of receiving a letter from your steadfast and most assured friend,

THE UMQUHILL GOVERNOR
OF BARATARIA.

Post Scriptum.—I notice, (and I am well pleased thereat,) that you have slightly touched upon the circumstance, how that blessed medicament, the balsam of Fierabras, did not sort so well with my inside as with master's. Well do I mind the time; I think I see the flat Austurian nose of Maritornes yet. But *I was not an armed knight*, you know; a pure text that, sir, for a lecture in the college of uniformity, and I kindly recommend it to your attention, should you happen to be appointed one of the professors.

Superficial folks may smile at your receiving a letter from one who, every body knows, can neither read nor write; but *you* will easily perceive that both these functions can be performed by deputy.

We have some hidalgos here well to pass in the world, with their vineyards and olive groves, their acres of arable and pasture, and their seemly herds and flock of bestial, who are believed to discharge the important functions of thinking after the same fashion.—How does that matter stand in the northern land?

You will sympathise with me, sir, when you hear that I am widowed, childless, and alone. My poor master, (my eye moistens whenever I think of him,) is now but the shadow of a name, and Teresa and Sanchica have long since passed to their account. Nor can I in any way explain to you how my own case is still found lingering among things that are, unless by the supposition that I have been spared for the purpose of writing a letter to you.

Though your own descent appears to border on the aristocratical, you will not, I am sure, slight or disparage me for the reason of my lowly origin. My good master used to say, and I sometimes used to say, myself, sir, in the days of other times,—

No con guien naces, sino con guien paces—
Ave Maria purissima! y viva el rey!

Dated from my humble domicile, in the island of Baratania, in the month of April of this present year.

CAPTAIN SYMMES'S LECTURES ON THE EARTH
BEING HOLLOW.

[The following account of the first lecture of this eccentric philosopher appears in the Baltimore Commercial Chronicle of the 14th of April. The lecture, however, was delivered in New York:]—

'Last evening, the celebrated Captain

Symmes gave a lecture at the hall of the Mechanics' Institution, in Chamber Street, explanatory of his new theory of the hollowness of the earth. Considering the size of the apartment, the audience was numerous, and it certainly was highly respectable, comprehending Doctor Mitchill, and all the most distinguished scientific characters and literati of our good city. Of ladies, there were only four and a little one present.

The pulpit from which the captain delivered his discourse was covered with diagrams, half globes, and hollow globes, which he used occasionally in giving his explanations to his auditory. He commenced his lecture by reading from a paper which he held in his hand an introduction, stating the object of his researches, and the intention generally for which he had made a visit to New York. "I suppose," said the captain, "you have heard of me, and now I am here." After this exordium, he went on to state the facts on which his new theory is built. These facts are very numerous and very plausible.—They are principally gleaned from the latest travellers and voyagers to the Polar regions of the north, such as Parry, Mackenzie, Franklin, Horne, and others.—They may be divided into various classes, comprehending the migration of sea-fishes and fowl; the appearances of the atmosphere in those regions; the peculiarity of the inhabitants and their traditions; the floating of wood from what we call the North Pole; the permanency of the barometer, and the moderate state of the thermometer. In the application of his facts to his theory, there is very considerable ingenuity in the captain, and its plausibility almost produces conviction in the candid auditor. The object of his reasoning is to show that the earth is hollow—that the Polar regions, both north and south, are rounded into an inner sphere, which he calls the northern and southern *verges*.

'It might be difficult, perhaps, in words, to make a reader understand his theory, but a single look at the hollow terrestrial globe on the captain's desk would do more in explanation than a couple of columns in a newspaper. The captain thinks that the inner concave appears inhabited, and from the circumstance of a peculiar kind of iron being found in high latitudes, he presumes the people must be pretty well civilized; but as more lectures will be delivered, we shall not enlarge on the explanation at present.

'Capt. Symmes is a very interesting looking old gentleman. He has a dark countenance, a face rather thin, a sharp nose, and as fine a high philosophical forehead as a phrenologist could wish. His language is far from being correct, but his modesty, simplicity, and earnestness of manner, are irresistibly pleasing. In lecturing, he is as familiar as a kind-hearted father might be supposed to be to his children. He told the audience that the first idea of the new theory occurred to him exactly eight years ago last evening, and that he is indebted for the first suggestion to the reading of a chemical tract of Dr. Mitchill's. [The doctor was a few feet to the right.] He also said that he had never received a liberal education, but from

his infancy was quite fond of geography, astronomy, and the kindred sciences. He owned the first terrestrial globe in the western country, and from long attention to these studies they had become quite *pat* to him.

'For six or seven years past we have heard of Capt. Symmes and his theory, but till we heard him last evening, we had no conception that he could support it with so much plausibility. We particularly advise all the *blues* of town to brush themselves up for a lecture, for we predict that, in spite of the opera, the captain will be the *lion* for the next month. Every one present, last evening, seemed highly gratified with the manner in which the gentleman acquitted himself, and it was visible that they departed happier men and deeper philosophers than they entered the hall of the Mechanics' Institution.'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

FORGET it can I never—
That time of mellowed brightness;
When far away,
Our haven lay,
And our's were hearts of lightness.
When all life's opening beauties
Beam'd bright beneath and o'er us,
And side by side,
With love to guide,
We went, and Hope before us.
Ah! in that fairy promise,
Where was the serpent shrouded?
What token there,
Of all the care
That evening overclouded?
Alas! our lonely evening!
What harp hath power to wail thee;
Its shattered chords,
More power than words
Or song possess—yet fail thee.
Towards the sunlight dying
Love's looks were ever turning.
It sank in night,
And Love's sweet light
Near us no more was burning.
And Hope soon fled after,
And thou and I have parted;
What doom is thine?—
To roam like mine,
Unbless'd and lonely hearted.
Tonbridge, March 24, 1826. VIVIAN.

THE STRANGER.

STRANGER! whose heart throbs madly high
With love of home and native land,
With no communing spirit nigh
To welcome with extended hand;
How lone and dark thy bosom's shrine,
Alone upon a foreign shore,
What voiceless thoughts of grief are thine;
Thou who canst see thy home no more!
Stranger! 'twas once a hallowed name,
'Tis now a warning word of fear;
Once fondly welcomed when it came,
With a warm throb and joyful tear,
Now shunned as blasts of death would be,
While quick Suspicion's withering eye
Scowls darkly round and cautiously,
As shame or death were hovering nigh.
On Syrian plains tents once were spread
With fruit and flowers for wandering men,
And waters, murmuring round them, shed
Fresh coolness o'er their bosoms—then

Man felt for man a brother's love,
And shared and soothed his wants and woes,
And looked for his reward above,
Where human cares and sorrows close.
Stranger! from present scenes to turn,
From faces strange and manners cold,
And feel the panting bosom burn
With memories of the days of old;
To see, to know, that all's unknown,
And nought is thine beneath the sun—
Thou know'st what 'tis to be alone,
And far from each beloved one!
Thy heart is in thy own bright land,
Thy foot is on a foreign shore;
How thine eye lingers on the strand,
Where ocean's billows foam and roar,
With the vain wish,—the wild desire,
The lone repining of a heart,
Whose every throb swells sadly higher,
And cannot from its love depart!
The world—the world is all before thee,
But all that charmed thee once, have fled;
The spell of a sick heart is o'er thee—
Thy hopes have gone, thy spirit's dead!
—Stranger! oh, 'tis a name of fear
In these dark days of sin and woe,
A word which severs all that's dear—
A sound of grief like none below! L. P.

ELEGY,

Suggested whilst wandering through a certain Village Churchyard.

'Tis bitterness enough to feel
Our hopes and wishes vain,
And in the aching heart conceal
The dearly cherish'd pain;
But worse it is to think how bless'd
Our dreams of life must be,
Than feel the pang that wrings the breast,
Which never can be free.
HERE on this new-raised mound, which now
The spring
Flowering enamels every blade,
O'er which the night-bird flaps its cowering wing
Across the turf, where all of life is laid,*
I sit me down, and sigh, with heart o'erpress'd,
Would I were slumbering in so sweet a rest!
Now all is hush'd, and scarce the breath of eve
Waves the tall grass, while silence, doubly dear
To him who wanders from the world to grieve,
Shedding, unseen, the sympathetic tear,
Where no eye sees, and no one cares to know,
The woe of him who feels another's woe!
How bless'd the hermit, free from toil and care,
When the sun sheds from golden clouds his rays,
To quit his cave, and chaunt his vesper pray'r
In contemplation of his farewell days;
Glad to commune with Death, whilst o'er this sod
He learns that knowledge which man owes to God!
Thou calm retreat! where human cares are still,
And busy memory feels no longer pain;
No more the lover dreads his fair one's ill,
Nor feverish hopes distract his giddy brain.
He and his Laura now are safely laid
Within its cold but hospitable shade!
Lo! here 'chap-fall'n,' the knowing man of law,
With wig forensic, puff'd in legal scorn,
Prone to detect, he glories in a flaw,
Doubting the truth in every varied form;
Here low is laid, whose wit and gibes no more
Shall set the bar or senate in a roar!

* The author's wife.

The statesman, too, big with his mighty schemes,
A prostrate nation held within his grasp;
Where now are all his air-built golden dreams;
What is the fabric which his hands now clasp?
The marble tomb—where no wretch bows the knee,
Where titles vanish, and the slave—is free!
The hero bold, proud of his martial name,
Flaunting the sword above the dying foe,
Seeking, through fields of blood, the badge of fame,
Falls—biting the dust his charger spurn'd below,
And, meteor like, along the azure skies
A moment lives, and in a moment dies!
Here the oppressor and oppress'd both meet
One common fate—death no distinction knows;
The churchyard is that calm, that still retreat,
Where all meet friends, and none part deadly foes.
It is that spot, where earthly bickerings cease,
And opes the gates to everlasting peace!
No more the poor man asks his lordly worm,
In vain for leave to earn a scanty meal;
A weeping wife and helpless offspring mourn,
Make no impression 'gainst a breast of steel!
He and my lord are now in quiet here,
And the clown's just as great as is the peer!
7th May, 1826. H.

FINE ARTS.

Portrait of Lord Alexander George Russell, Drawn on Stone by RICHARD J. LAW, from a Picture by GEORGE HAYTER, M.A.S.L. London, 1816. Dickinson. The Faithful Friend, Drawn on Stone by RICHARD J. LANE, from a Picture by JOHN BOADEN. London, 1826. Dickinson.
WE are not aware of any branch of art or science that has advanced so rapidly as lithography. It is but a few years, since a German player, led by accident to a printing office, and becoming enamoured of the business of a printer, endeavoured to substitute stone for copper, by making etchings on it. One of those accidents, which clever men only turn to account, taught him a better use of the stone; his mother wanted a bill for the washer-woman, but Alois Senefelder, (for that was his name,) had exhausted his stock of paper, in taking proof impressions from the stones, nor was there a drop of writing ink in his inkstand. In this predicament, he wrote the lists on the stone with some ink he had prepared with wax, soap, and lamp-black, intending to copy it at his leisure. Some time after, the idea struck him to try the effect of writing on stone with his prepared ink, and biting in the stone with aquafortis, and whether it might not be possible to apply printing ink to it in the same way as wood-engravings, and thus take impressions. The experiment was tried, and lithography was thus discovered.
For a long time lithography was only used in Germany, in printing music, and, in England, its application was at first confined to the printing of circular letters as fac-similes of writing; it soon, however, began to assume more importance, and if any person wishes to see the perfection to which it has at-

tained, we would refer him to the drawing of Cupid and Psyche, by M. Gauci, now in the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists, and to the two prints which head this article, by Mr. Lane. The latter are so delicately soft and chaste, and so much resemble superior copper-plate engraving, that we should at first sight have classed them among the productions of the burin, had not the artist honestly stated on the prints that they are from stone. In both the prints, a child is caressing a dog; in the second of them, the countenance of the child is beautiful and expressive, while 'the faithful friend,' a spaniel, seems conscious that he is the object of affection. Every part of the print is executed with care and delicacy, and both of them do great credit to the talents of Mr. Lane; nor must we refuse some praise to Mr. Hullmandel, by whom they are printed.

Sylva Britannica; or, Portraits of Forest Trees, distinguished for their Antiquity, Magnitude, or Beauty. Drawn from Nature, and Etched by JACOB GEORGE STRUTT. Parts I. to XII. London, 1826. Colnaghi and Co., and J. G. Strutt.

THE Sylva Britannica of Mr. Strutt is a very splendid work, which does credit to the arts of this country, and is deserving of the patronage of the wealthy. It contains views of all the most venerable and remarkable trees in Great Britain, drawn with great spirit and fidelity, and admirably etched. The descriptions of each tree are also very well written, and render the work very entertaining, independent of the gratification it must afford as a work of art. Mr. Strutt has carefully noticed every circumstance of local connection or traditional interest connected with each tree, and some of them are very curious.

In a neat but brief introduction, Mr. Strutt notices the interest which woods and groves have in all ages excited, and in his subsequent descriptions, he gives an historical account of each species of tree, as well as of the tree itself. It is not, however, the topographical part of the work that forms its greatest attraction—it is the correctness with which the lords of some sixty forests are portrayed. The etchings are extremely well executed, and some of them are beautifully picturesque. The work altogether does much credit to the talent and enterprising spirit of Mr. Strutt.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—M. Alexandre, who as an ubiloquist is unrivalled, has performed his *Rogueries of Nicholas*, a few nights, at this theatre, with much applause, and on Wednesday night he took a final leave of a British audience, to return to his native country, France, after having made a fortune here, for which he expressed his gratitude.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Saturday, a new play, in five acts, was produced at this theatre, called *Woodstock*, and founded on the novel of that name. None of the Waverley novels are remarkable for plot, and *Woodstock* is certainly of all others the least dra-

matic, though a clever adapter might make a much better play of it than the hash which has been dished in the present instance, where the spirit of the original has completely evaporated. The best—the very best scene in the novel, that between Cromwell and Wildrake, at Windsor, has in the play been rendered perfectly ineffective; though we must confess that the dramatist has done justice to another good scene, that of the duel between Charles and Colonel Markham. The piece was, with a few exceptions, well cast, and well played. Charles Kemble is a good rakish Charles, and Jones, though he appeared to us to mistake the character of Wildrake, rendered it very amusing. Farren personated Sir Henry Lee pretty well, though there is, as usual, too much of the Chinese Mandarin shaking about it, as, indeed, there is in every thing he plays. Cooper was excellent in Colonel Markham. Serle did very well in Albert Lee, as did Mrs. Chatterley in Alice, but Blanchard mistook the character of Trusty Tomkins by converting the Puritan into a Quaker. The play was successful, in spite of as dull a prologue, and as stupid an epilogue as we ever recollect to have heard.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.—Mathews has nearly closed his season, to-day (Saturday,) and Monday, being the last nights of his performance of his *Invitations*. Mr. Arnold is, we understand, prepared with an excellent company for his operatic season, which will open in a few days.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

LETTERS from Cockney Lands are nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Baker's History of Northamptonshire is in a state of great forwardness.

Sir John Chiverton, a romance, is forthcoming.

In the press, *Network; or, Thought in Idleness*: a series of light essays.

A Picturesque Tour by the New Road, from Chiavenna over the Splügen, and along the Rhine to Coira, in the Grisons. Illustrated by twelve views, drawn on the spot, by G. C., Esq., and lithographed by F. Calvert, is in the press.

The pupils of Madame Campan have had a medal struck to her memory. On the reverse is the inscription—*Les élevées d'Ecouché à leur surintendante.*

A deputation of mineralogists and architects has been sent to the Isle of Elba, in order to examine whether certain columns could not be employed in the repair of the church of St. Paul. We understand that the report which they have made is favourable, and that it has been resolved to enter into negotiations for the purchase of them.—*Italian paper.*

Coal Mines in France.—There are reckoned in France two hundred and thirty-six coal mines, from which nine or ten millions of quintals are annually taken, having a value of from ten to eleven millions of francs (from 416,666 to 458,333 pounds sterling) on the spot—a value which rises to forty millions, (£1,666,666) at least with regard to the mass of consumers, as the carriage to the places of

consumption amounts to three times, four times, and even in some cases to ten times the price of the coal. These nine millions of quintals are nothing in comparison of the consumption of England, which rises to seventy-five millions of quintals annually: the Carron works in Scotland alone are said to consume eight thousand quintals weekly.—*Annales des Mines.*

Capt. Clapperton's new Expedition to Africa.—We regret to state, that the most melancholy accounts have been received of the new expedition to Africa, that grave of Europeans. Two of the enterprising travellers, together with one of their servants, have perished, and Capt. Clapperton has had a narrow escape. It appears, by a letter from Capt. Clapperton to Capt. Willes, of the Brazen, dated the 5th of December, that through the intercession of the King of Badagry, he had obtained permission from the King of Hio to pass through his dominions; and that a proper escort of horses and guides were waiting his arrival; that he was to proceed the following morning, first crossing a lake near Papoe. He states that Hio is the Yariba of the Arabs. On the 15th, Capt. Clapperton and his fellow travellers reached a town in the kingdom of Yariba, after a difficult and fatiguing journey, chiefly through thick woods, but the country afterwards became exceedingly beautiful, the people kind, well dressed, in cap, shirt, and trousers, and in possession of numerous horses. From Jennah to Katunga, the capital of Yariba, is about thirty days' journey, and thence only three days to the Niger Kowara; Capt. Pearce, Mr. Morrison, and their white servants, had suffered much from fever; and after having advanced about twenty miles from Jennah, it was found necessary to send Dr. Morrison and his servant back to that place, where they both died, and Capt. Pearce soon shared the same fate. In a letter from Capt. Clapperton to Capt. Willes, dated Engua, the 28th of December, he says:—'It is my misfortune that I have nothing to communicate but the worst of news. Poor Pearce died yesterday, and I buried him to-day as respectably as I could, all the people of the town paying the greatest attention while I read the funeral service over his remains.' On the 10th of January, Mr. Houston writes to his agent from Chindo, saying, that he found, on his return from Jennah to Engua, that Capt. Clapperton had been ill with fever, and his servant Richard the same, but that both were convalescent, and proceeding to their destination; and concludes, by saying, 'there is no fear for Clapperton's health now; in a short time he will have accomplished what has been the object of other nations, that of travelling from west to east of the great African Continent. During the last five days we have been crossing the mountains of Kong, which, through the whole of that distance, are the most romantic and beautiful that can be imagined. We are now, I suppose, 2500 feet above the level of the sea, in a fine atmosphere, the thermometer 89 to 90 deg., (we have had it 98 deg.) and in lat. 8 deg. 23 min. 30 sec. and half way to Katanga, at which place, as we now travel so much faster, we hope to

arrive in twelve days. I shall see Clapper-ton across the Niger, and return with all haste. He is again quite well, and as hard as a Fellutah.' Mr. Dickson, who had set out from the coast of Dahomey, accompanied by M. de Souza and Mr. James, had returned to the coast. From him, it appears that they reached Dahomey on the 16th December, where they were received by the king and his caboceers with the greatest respect. Mr. Dickson had a fever, but on the 26th he was sufficiently recovered to attend an audience, when it was settled that he should have a safe conduct through the king's dominions and those of his allies, to a place called Shar, said to be seventeen days' journey from Dahomey, in a northerly direction. He left Dahomey on the 31st, accompanied by fifty armed men and one hundred bearers. The king appointed a relation of his own as a guide and ambassador to accompany him on his journey, a man who knew the country well, and who had travelled to Yariba.—The direction from Shar to Youry is a little to the eastward of north.

THE BEE, OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS. EPIGRAM.

What means *entire* on all the porter shops?
Entire mundungus, neither malt nor hops.

At a time when a concourse of people had collected to see Napoleon step into his carriage, a person inquired whether the emperor was expected? to which a punster replied, '*Oui, le char l'attend (le charlatan.)*'

The case is altered now!—When the war was popular, the King's Head, (I think,) near Ipswich, was frequented by military officers; thus the landlord had a good run of trade. Peace, however, brought him little to do; he, therefore, turned his sign-board upside down, and had these words painted—'*The case is altered now!*' It thus remains, and the trade is, though by other company, restored.

A TAYLOR, ON A TAVERN BILL.

Let me see—bread and beer—tripe and dressing—hey day!
And wine and Welsh rabbit—here's the devil to pay!
And then, o' my conscience, besides his long bill,
Out of ev'ry poor pint he has cabbag'd a gill.
For all his fine bows and his speeches and wheedle,
I swear that a vintner's as sharp as a needle.

The vintner, in hearing, reply'd, 'tis your pleasure
'Gainst another man's bill to turn out beyond measure,
If we come to tax reckonings, we all easily find
Many items and items not at all to our mind:
There's your silk, twist, and buckram; materials and making,
And a remnant—but pardon the freedom I'm taking.
Come, live and let live, without any repining:
I pay for my doublet; pay you for your lining.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Latom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
May 19	55	65	56	29 87	Fair.
.... 20	54	62	46	.. 85	Do.
.... 21	52	63	54	30 08	Fine.
.... 22	59	70	52	30 00	Do.
.... 23	58	59	50	29 95	Cloudy.
.... 24	54	64	53	.. 84	Rain.
.... 25	52	56	52	.. 70	Do.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE review of William Douglas, and the concluding notice of the Boyne Water, the Letter of O. N. Y., and Crockery Jun., in our next.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

MR. HARLEY has the honour to announce his BENEFIT is appointed for TUESDAY, JUNE the 6th, 1826, when will be performed a Popular OPERA, in which Mr. T. Cooke, Mr. Horn, Mr. Harley, and Miss Stephens will perform.

After which, a VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT, embracing the entire strength of the Establishment, aided by some Valuable Auxiliaries. In the course of the evening, New Comic Songs, and other Novel Entertainments. To conclude with an admired MUSICAL DRAMA.

Tickets, Boxes, and Private Boxes, may be secured by applying to Mr. Harley, 34, King Street, Covent Garden; or to Mr. Spring, Rotunda, Box Office.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

MISS LACY most respectfully announces to her Friends and the Public, her BENEFIT is appointed for THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1826, when will be performed, (for the first time this season,) Colman's Comedy of THE JEALOUS WIFE. Mr. Oakley, by Mr. C. Kemble; Charles Oakley, by Mr. Cooper; Mrs. Oakley, (first time), by Miss Lacy.

Mr. Braham will sing the popular Ballad of 'The Blue Bunnets are over the Borders,' and Miss Paton, 'Mary of Castle Cary.' To conclude with a Popular Opera, in which Madame Vestris will appear for the last time,—and in which Miss Love, Mrs. Davenport, and Miss Paton will perform.

Tickets and Places to be had of Miss Lacy, 8, St. George's Place, Hyde Park; and at the Box Office.

MISS EMILY GOULDSMITH begs leave to acquaint the Nobility and Gentry, that her Establishment for the Education of a limited Number of Young Ladies, conducted by Herself and Sisters, will be Removed at Midsummer, from 21, Cornwall Terrace, to a more spacious and commodious house, 9, Sussex Place, Regent's Park.

This day is published, in three vols. 12mo. 21s. boards, WILLIAM DOUGLAS; or, the SCOT-TISH EXILES. A Historical Novel.
Printed for Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London.

GERMAN FLUTE.—GALBREATH'S TIMONICON.—MR. GALBREATH, Professor and Inventor, 11, Little Duff Lane, Doctor's Commons, and 39, Warwick Street, Regent Street, engages, by his newly invented Timonicon, to make his Pupils, (both beginners and those advanced,) complete timonists in an infinitely shorter period than can be accomplished by any of the old methods. Mr. Galbreath's System combines ease with facility, and quickly enables the Pupil to accompany the Piano-Forte and play in Concert. Mr. Galbreath attends at 39, Warwick Street, every day, from One o'clock to Four. Gentlemen who are engaged during the day, may receive lessons any early hour in the morning.—N.B. For Sale, a bargain, an 8-key cocoa Flute, by Nicholson, the property of an Amateur; an 11-key cocoa, silver and cork joints, by Monzani; and a 6-key, Potter, Johnson's Court. All letters to be post-paid.

MISS WOOLRYCH has the honour to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and Pupil, that her MORNING CONCERT will take place at the above Rooms, on FRIDAY, the 9th of JUNE, 1826, instead of the 25th of April, as originally announced.

Principal Vocal Performers:

Madame Bonini, and Miss Paton, Madame Cornega, Madame Montellari Woolrych, Miss Betts, Miss F. Marinoni, Miss Marinoni, Madame Pasta, Signor Veluti, Mr. Sapio, Signor Torri, M. Begrez, Mr. A. Sapio, (pupil of the Royal Academy of Music,) and Signor Pellegrini.

Solo Performers:

Harp—Miss Woolrych, who will perform Bochs's celebrated Grand Military Concerto, with full Orchestral Accompaniments, and a Duett on two harps, with Mr. Bochs's Flute—Mr. Nicholson. Violin—Mr. Bellon. Corno—Signor Puzzi.

The Band will be numerous and complete, consisting of the following eminent performers:

Mr. Spagnoletti, Mr. Bellon, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Dragonetti, Mr. Linley, Mr. Willman, Mr. Puzzi, Mr. Harper, Mr. Platt, Mr. Anfossi, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Betts, Mr. A. Sapio, Mr. Marriotti, &c. &c. &c. Leader, Signor Spagnoletti; Conductor, Mr. Bochs's.

The Concert will commence at One o'clock. Tickets, Half a Guinea each, may be obtained of Miss Woolrych, New Argyll Rooms, and at all the principal Music Shops; Tickets dated 25th April, will be admitted on the 9th of June.

Books printed by J. F. DOVE, St. John's Square; and sold by all Booksellers in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

A NEW GREEK and ENGLISH LEXICON; principally on the Plan of the Greek and German Lexicon of Schneider; the Words Alphabetically Arranged; distinguishing such as are Poetical, of Dialectic variety, or peculiar to certain Writers and classes of Writers; with Examples, literally translated, selected from the Classical Writers. By J. Donnegan, M. D.—One very thick volume, medium 8vo. three columns, 36s. bound.

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